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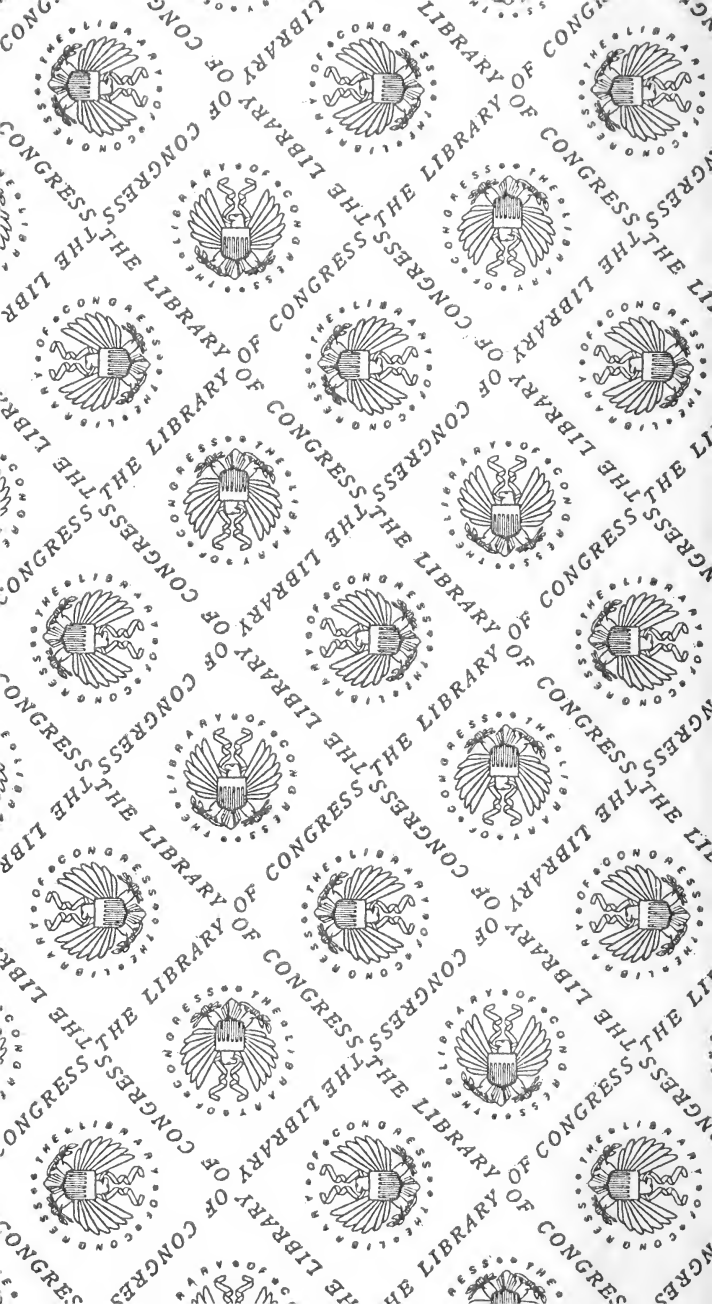
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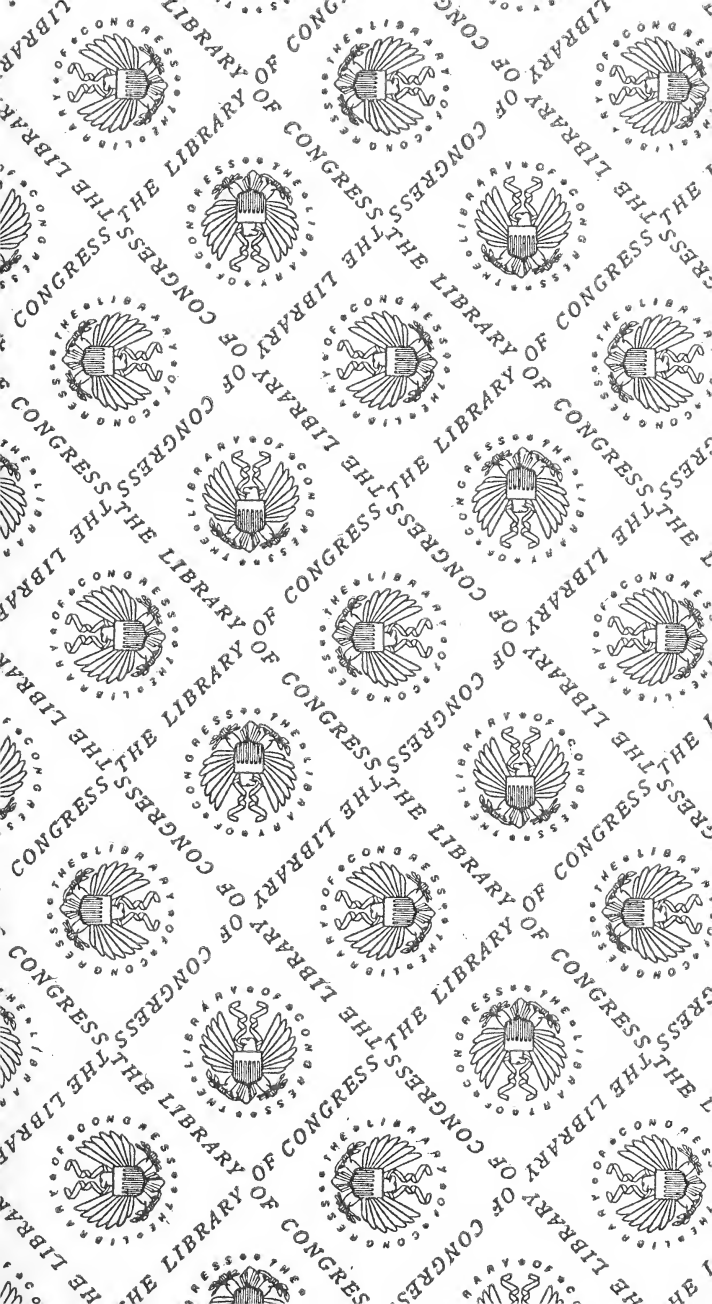
1855

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THE ANALYSIS

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OF

# HOLY WRIT.

*Handwritten:*  
WRITTEN BY

A. M. BOUTON,

Of Stamford, Ct.



STAMFORD: *[Handwritten: CE]*

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1855.

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ALEXANDER M. BOUTON,  
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## PREFACE.

---

ANALYSIS of Holy Writ.

Given by a fool.

So without the least bit of wit,

Never went to school:

Took it all from an angel's mouth,

He was very sad,

He was right from God's only house,

But felt very bad.

He used to pray while on earth,

Belonged to a church;

But was a Baptist in Christ's birth,

Labored with search,

But found when he was out of old shell

He was but a fool.

So angels went at him pell-mell;

He took it quite cool.

He's only about two years out,

But learned something new.

He wants others to find it out,

All men not a few.  
He has seen angels very old,  
From such planets too  
As ours, only larger if told,  
Which are not yet new.  
Matter and space always was,  
Motion also to.  
There never was a time now pose  
But twice one was two.  
When you learn some of nature's laws  
This you will find true,  
Man on earth knows as nothing yet  
About his own soul;  
Only been learned to fret and sweat,  
Drink water out bowl.  
They pray for what they never get,  
Salvation on whole.  
There has been much stuff got off late  
Through some hands and feet.  
None but a fool or addle pate  
Would think it complete,  
Or that it came from higher source  
Than some arrant fool,  
Jackson Davis used of late  
To his wife a tool.  
We wanted him, the shallow pate,  
Not to be a fool.  
We see this chap we could use best  
Although simple fool,  
But we have killed all the rest,  
Tried as a tool.  
The aches and pains such as has had,



We could not it help.  
This did make us all feel quite bad  
For the little whelp.  
He has never read half as much  
Of poetry now  
Except this of which writes such,  
For he knows not how.  
But angels can not make a harp  
Of an old bull plow.

# THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

AND HIS CORRESPONDENCE  
 WITH A HISTORY OF HIS  
 LITERARY AND DOMESTIC  
 LIFE, AS FAR AS IT  
 RELATES TO HIS  
 WRITINGS AND  
 PERSONAL HISTORY.  
 BY  
 JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.  
 OF GLASGOW.  
 IN TWO VOLUMES.  
 LONDON:  
 PRINTED BY A. MILLAR, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1791.  
 AND BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1793.

## ANALYSIS OF HOLY WRIT.

---

GREAT God Almighty, from thy children take  
This great and cursed viper of a snake ;  
Why didst thou let him in thy garden come,  
And while thou wast gone so far from thy home ?  
Behold, O Lord, thy children in thy wrath,  
And drive them in the fields without a path !  
But let the cursed of a viper crawl  
Until thy children, tainted, all shall fall.  
Behold the work thy devil has done,  
And fetch on and crucify thy Son,  
Jesus, born of the Virgin Mary,  
Before the worlds began patteccary ;  
Or was the Lamb slain without a brain,  
When he was God alone, all the same ?  
Jesus, Almighty God, us to save,  
Raised himself right up from the grave,  
Planked his foot right upon his throne,  
And there he waits for the world to come.

His servants work every sort of way  
To save all the world and get their pay.  
Had not it been for that cursed snake,  
We never should had a fiery lake,  
If I had the honor one single hour,  
I'd kill the devil in my power ;  
The rascal tempt'd Christ, or God himself,  
When fasting but forty days, or nights ;  
And trying to lead him for to fight,  
He put him up in the air so high,  
When he knew he had no wings to fly,  
On the top of the pinnacle set,  
And there he was left so as to fret ;  
But this was before his great power,  
Which would come to kick the devils out,  
For if he tried himself an hour,  
Devils would know what they were about.  
Because he did make them all scatter  
When he got all ready for to work,  
For half could not tell what's the matter,  
They all got into such a kirk.  
The swine all run down a hill below,  
For all to get water for to drink,  
But the farmers had to lose them though,  
The work of the devil, don't you think.  
But Christ done as like to be done by,  
But the devils were rogues on the sly ;  
So then they all went in for the pork,  
Half starved, without knife, spoon, or fork.  
They prayed Christ for to leave the coast,

The devils all done so much the most.  
They liked the plan to do as done by,  
Better than to have others do by them,  
For they were afraid of Christ on the sly,  
And would not even touch his hem.  
O God, save me from thy saints, if faint  
They'll tear me piece from piece ; they can't  
If thou wilt save, then raise from the grave.  
Jesus Christ crucified we will preach,  
A God that lived and died we will teach,  
Who never had any beginning nor end,  
But sprang and grew from Jesse's old stem ;  
Who was the seed of Abraham, blest  
Like Jacob, Lot's daughters, and the rest,  
Solomon a specimen, David's love,  
Celestial, begotten by a dove.  
The angels all trembled and quaked  
When they saw God make the cursed snake ;  
But when they saw Mary with child,  
They were completely balked for a while,  
Because they never dreamed of the plan,  
That God had contrived for saving man,  
And they all felt somewhat ashamed  
To have such a subject dreamed or named ;  
Although it was simple, if not cool,  
The plan might be understood by a fool.

---

Jesus, what a bird I should be,  
If I was in Paradise with thee,

A sitting on a tree very tall,  
Clear of the fall, wormwood, and gall,  
With wings to soar so much higher,  
For to catch the celestial fire,  
Which Abram and Lot did admire,  
When sent from above in holy love,  
To set the world on fire; like a dove,  
The emblem of love on Christ did fall,  
And Abram and his wife had a call.  
Poor Sarah was not to blame,  
Although she felt ashamed  
To think her lord was in a pet  
To think she had no children yet,  
And in a moment of despair  
She says, Take Hagar there,  
And have her, for what I care,  
Until your breed runs out;  
And Abram for fear felt about.  
That the work of the Lord might go on,  
He strove to have a little son;  
But, as Moses has told the yarn,  
Abram did not love his first-born,  
And sent Hagar off in the street,  
That the child might languish complete,  
And die where he should'nt hear the cry.  
I am glad that Sarah was so bright  
That she did not stay with Abimelech  
But for one night, because of dreams;  
For the household of Abimelech's queens  
Having lost the means of bearing

On the account of poor Sarah's tarrying,  
For one night alone before the throne  
Of such a wicked king ; what a thing  
To love such evils best, like a beast  
That has no soul to live nor feast,  
But goaded on to desperation,  
Heedless of all such relations ;  
But for Abimelech's son Isaac found  
By Abram, as in duty bound,  
To carry out the plan of saving man,  
And a lineage true and faithful,  
Now held without a Hagar plan ;  
But Isaac, blind and old, as told,  
Desired to do his part, poor heart.  
The Lord directed, for souls affected,  
That Esau be blest for the rest  
Of miserable man, was the plan  
Laid down in Holy Writ, every bit.  
That Rebecca did the Lord defeat,  
As well poor blind Isaac complete,  
And Jacob the pottage to eat ;  
With two kids of savory meat  
Isaac would with Esau bargain  
For venison, as told, when so old,  
And sell the blessing, confessing  
God was so great to govern fate.  
Jacob, with his marm, felt no harm  
Getting of the Lord Esau's charm.  
By close application to study,  
As without a brain so muddy,

He got pottage, charm, and blessing.  
By duplicity confessing.  
But the Lord was sorry indeed  
For his blind and mistaken seed  
So used, by his wife abused,  
He would, in part, bless his heart,  
Make amends to meet his ends.  
But Lot's daughters, feeling like the rest,  
Desired of their father to be blest.  
He, drunk as a lord, done as desired,  
For all the righteous seed admired,  
Brought forth by nature's natural way,  
All done by Heaven's natural care,  
To save making another righteous pair.  
Why not, when Adam and wife fell,  
Go send the lonely two to hell.  
Try another righteous case,  
Make a brain with less base,  
That would not carry out the plan  
Of slaying Christ to save man  
The Lamb of God slain before all time.  
But Abram found a ram in time  
To save his son ; God was outdone.  
But let the case be as it may,  
Goats carried man's sins away,  
And why was not that well,  
Better than sending souls to hell ?  
But Aaron must have a place,  
And all his sons a priestly race.  
While Moses see God face to face,



Aaron was puzzled by the rest  
To know what was for the best ;  
But feeling that he was a priest,  
He thought to make a calf at least.  
For such a God could do no harm,  
And the gold with him had a charm,  
Like other priests of later date,  
Zeal destined to a similar fate.  
O, confound my mind ! blame my eyes !  
For I can see no mansions in the skies !  
Lord, lead me, with thy gentle care,  
To be as wise as others are !  
Down below where man can reach,  
No pots nor kettles in the deep,  
But to meet a change of heart,  
Is to be saved only in part.  
For you must be born again ;  
That is salvation all the same.  
But really how can that be ?  
I am so blind I can not see.  
O, believe in Christ crucified ;  
A God that was born and died.  
Yes, but you should not stop to think,  
You must believe now ; that's the kink.  
But what shall I believe, my dear ?  
Believe Christ was God Almighty—do you hear ?  
Yes ; and before another morning sun  
You may be forever and ever undone,  
And rolling in a mass of liquid fire,  
Or Jesus Christ is a dev'lish liar.

O mercy on us ! I do believe, dear brother !  
Take him away, then, and fetch us another,  
For the work of the Lord must go on,  
For he lost his dear beloved Son.  
Lord, now help thy servant, in part  
To change these dev'lish wicked hearts.  
Come now, let's have all mankind blest,  
And give us, thy servants, sacred rest.  
God stoops down and hears the call,  
And says, You are the best servant of all,  
For now holler ready to split your throat,  
And you will save another from being a goat.  
For was it not for such servants as you,  
I can not tell what I should do.  
The devil would forever reign,  
Or I should have to die again ;  
But come now, let's load with powder,  
And see if we can scream some louder.  
But, as the matter stands in my view,  
You might as well change the liver too ;  
For when the heart can do its part,  
Without commotion, why not put the liver in notion.  
But love and virtue has naught to do  
With religion, in my view.-  
All deception used will be diffused,  
Till confidence is destroyed,  
Then what is left can not be blest,  
Nor by mankind enjoyed.

---

Great God, before thy throne all nations are seen at one  
view,

Cain, Moses, David, all the murdering crew,  
The heads and hearts of all the animal world,  
Wolfs and foxes, sheep and goats, swine or asses,  
Or all the boys, girls, men, women, or lasses,  
With the qualities they inherit, whether merit or demerit.  
If's to be a man is foxy, he will be cunning in his way,  
Matters not how you educate him, nor what you think or  
say ;

And if stubborn as a mule, he will stick to his way.  
If born benevolent, no one thinks him to blame,  
But if born penurious, all cry, For shame, shame !  
If he has the quality to be dextrous with tools,  
He is not half as much to blame as fools ;  
If he has no firmness to govern his mirth,  
He's not so bad as one that fights from birth.  
But in raising foxes, they expect to have a young fox,  
Although he may be learnt many new tricks,  
All would know him cut from the same stick ;  
God lets mankind go on as they will,  
The same, but surer than a grist-mill,  
And each for himself must learn the law,  
By which he must be fed and sustained :  
Or else in nature would be a great flaw,  
Or it would prove a God without brain.  
Thousands through folly starve every year,  
Thousands die from drinking too much here ;  
But who can make a fool wise, surely,  
Let you be ever so much demurely ;

Give a dog all he wants, he'll not steal,  
But man will not be confined to meal :  
If he has brains he'll get some one's crop,  
He'll break over the law in some weak spot,  
Or contrive to catch others in his net ;  
Or he'll preach and pray, learn others to fret—  
Or get up a bank, make others sweat,  
Start some project, like building a road,  
Contract with himself, or some other mode ;  
But be sure in the end his expenses to meet,  
If he has the stockholders to cheat ;  
But if his brain be wide at the base,  
A different way, or run other race ?  
More like a brute he chance for to be,  
The less will be bound by morality,  
Or a feeling to do others good,  
He would rather be bad if he could ;  
Confounded skeptics, what stupid fools,  
Believe nothing they can't handle as tools,  
Go build a castle high in the air,  
And see gods ride in chariots of fire ;  
And Elijah, too, drives his fiery steeds  
High into the air, free from all care ;  
Far above the bears or worldly affairs,  
Riding with gods over man rough-shod.  
All but asses believe such cases,  
As chariots of fire running races ;  
Why not believe that, or Samson's foxes,  
Or of gods being in Moses' boxes ?  
Nailed fast to a cart, dragged to fight,

Taken by the Philistines in spite,  
Lay idle, for twenty years or so ;  
And they after other gods did go,  
Box, God, and all taken by Canaanite,  
In one glorious running fight.  
King David so pleased to get him back,  
Danced behind the Ark in the track,  
And made the dirt fly a rod,  
He was so pleased to see his God ;  
Some would have it that God wasn't in it,  
But that isn't the truth, nor couldn't been it,  
For the box or Ark couldn't talk alone ;  
That must have been God's only throne.  
Boxes never evolve thoughts alone,  
But to think, there must be a mind,  
An individual of some kind !  
But who but Moses ever see God in a burning bush,  
Or his back parts, as delicately said ?  
You must stretch your capacity, give  
Faith a push,  
Or be to your idols wed.  
Now let us all feel for the truth,  
And think of Moses in his youth,  
When stamping on Egypt's crown.  
And Pharoah's daughter who Moses found,  
In the bulrushes upon the ground.  
And about the Egyptian he slew—  
He looked this way, and that too,  
To see if any in all the land  
Saw him bury him in the sand ;

And when accused the next day,  
He was careful to run away ;  
For if Pharaoh could him found,  
He would have been executed.

As Pharoah felt in duty bound.  
Moses made a league with Jethro,  
A priest of Midian, you know,  
And kept his flocks near God's mount ;  
The ground was holy as his fount.  
He was told to take off his shoes,  
And God would tell him all the news.  
So he married Jethro's daughter—  
He found her trying to draw water.  
The Lord showed him how to make,  
Or turn a rod into a snake ;  
Or some other dirty trick,  
As well as turning snakes to sticks.  
So he, through Aaron and his rod,  
Learnt Israel of Abram's God.  
So I Am told him his new name,  
Jehovah Almighty, the same,  
And learnt all the Hebrews to steal  
Jewels of silver and of gold,  
Which God, Jehovah, Moses told  
They should not go empty away,  
But spoil the Egyptians, as prey.  
Moses got rid of Pharaoh's host  
By knowing a little of the most.  
He watched the neap tides of the sea,  
To calculate how long it would be.

For he knew Pharaoh would pursue—  
That any fool could see at one view.  
For Hannibal crossed the same place,  
And Napoleon, with some of his race ;  
Any one mad might run into the sea  
If all his servants were getting free,  
And if he stayed might drowned be ;  
For the waters were sure to return  
Regardless of the Moses' concern.  
As for the stick that turned to a snake,  
Was nothing for Egyptians to make.  
Moses' serpent swallowed the rest,  
Because of a bigger belly blest.  
That was owing to the size of stick,  
Which made it all a very slick trick.

---

A planet without motion,  
Covered with stagnant pools,  
Is like a head that's never thinking,  
Or a pack of devilish fools.  
Because you are foxy you need not try,  
You never can see double, born with one eye.  
Some would have every thing of the same hue ;  
So when you saw drab you saw all at a view.  
And to cultivate the feelings may be our part,  
But to change the current of nature is beyond our art.  
When God the worlds did make,  
He had two loved children drove  
From his garden by a snake.

Blessed Eve, innocent as a child !  
Fondly hoped never to be beguiled ;  
Adam, too, fondly loved his dear—  
Never thought of any thing to fear.  
But for the plan of salvation,  
With all its near and dear relation  
To man, as told by Moses of old.  
The lamb was slain, with great  
Pain, before the foundation.  
Jesus was born at one birth,  
On this little dumpling of an earth ;  
And circumcised by a priest  
Against his divinity, at least.  
But he cried like a child  
To think the world was beguiled ;  
But this was before his wisdom was grown,  
Or he had established his Father's throne.  
What could the child do—eight days old—  
Against a priestly rule, as told ;  
For in spite of all his divine power,  
When in his manhood grown,  
He was taken from his disciples in an hour,  
To appear before his Father's throne.  
When Gods are sacrificed for to put out  
People's eyes, or bear a priestly rule,  
What can man do but behold himself and be a fool ?  
Some would think that there could not be any more of a  
man said  
After he was crucified and dead.  
Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life, as said ;



But appointed his sons in his stead,  
Long before he was dead.  
And when his sons dissatisfied  
The Jews, he anointed Saul to be king  
In their stead. While Saul was  
On a journey after asses, it was  
Discovered he was taller from  
His shoulder up to his head,  
And must be the man to lead ;  
But this was not the only thing :  
He anointed David to be king,  
But told fathers, for their daughters' sake,  
I beg you never for a king to make.  
But still, against all divine entreaty,  
Made David king of all the city ;  
And he too, because he slung a stone,  
And killed a Philistine alone.  
Now, when Abimelech found Sarah could not be touched,  
Because the Lord protected her in a dream,  
He gave Abram sheep and oxen and ever so much,  
As he told his true love Sarah, as it would seem.  
He gave him a thousand pieces of silver to make her a  
queen.  
But the Lord was really in earnest about Abram's seed,  
Because he told Abimelech so, which makes it true indeed.  
How could Abram help it, when he was afraid of his life,  
If Abimelech took it into his head to take away his wife ?  
And as she was his sister, he loved her still the more ;  
Being in the family he couldn't turn her out of door ;  
So he tells Isaac the story to be handed down,

And he would'nt make it worse than-it was unless he was  
a clown.

Now Abimelech made Abram swear not to hurt his son,  
Because he loved him and Sarah without any fun.

If that is not the meaning, I know not the text,  
For the king had power enough if he only got vexed ;  
And why should he make a league with one simple fool,  
If he did not want to use him as a man does a tool ?

Sarah told Abimelech that Abram was afraid ;  
Abimelech said, I will fix it if you'll only be my maid.

Now read Genesis twentieth, and see it's true,  
For any one might know it at the first view,  
For if a girl is handsome, they have a wonderful power—  
They have been known to captivate a king in less than one  
hour.

When a foundation rests on one that calls himself faithful,  
Who but a body blessed could overlook any thing skillful ;  
For what should Sarah's eyes be covered with a thousand  
pieces of silver,

Unless it was sure enough that Abimelech the king had  
filled her ?

Now Abram accused Abimelech of taking away a well,  
But was so affrightened he gave him sheep and oxen to sell.  
The reason I dwell on this so long,  
It's the foundation of all the song.

But for the promise to Abraham,  
All men would be eternally damned.

The Lord told Abram to be sure not to grieve,  
Take the lad, as Sarah said, his Eve,  
Also the son of the bondwoman,

His only seed, but in Isaac called,  
For nations he would make two of all.  
It would seem the lad of Abram's Eve  
Caused the righteous man to grieve,  
For this in the chapter twenty-first,  
But, if any thing, it is the worst.  
Both Abraham, his Sarah, and Lot,  
So pickled in this world of sin,  
Was no better too than Daniel Twin.  
He sold himself to Abimelech sure,  
For maid servants that would endure,  
The only object with him, or plan,  
Was to gratify the animal or man.  
But to Luke and Matthew turn,  
And from the genealogies learn  
Whether Jesus from Jesse's stem came,  
Or merely got up for a name.  
They neither trace Mary's lineage,  
But Joseph's supposed to be the same,  
Yet they tell you he's not Joseph's son ;  
If he was, the world would be undone ;  
But to be Abram's seed he must be in sure,  
Or else he's not the Simon pure.  
Another thing, they do not agree  
On the number of generations there be.  
Such things show the world in folly bent,  
But not a God that died or sent ;  
But when we come to the Holy Ghost as given,  
Sent in cloven tongues from Heaven,  
Which on all the disciples did sit,

When they met the passover to eat.  
And Paul and Barnabas so nearly came  
To an open quarrel, or near the same,  
The Holy Ghost said, Separate me again.  
So he got so much divided up,  
For they all drank him in their cups.  
Now they find not enough in a place  
To do a miracle to save the race.  
All having been absorbed before,  
The world will never see him more ;  
But when he was like a dove,  
He descended upon Christ in love ;  
And did Elijah feed with meat,  
Made Solomon wise complete.  
But that was before he was so divided up,  
They did not then drink him in their cups.  
But was then only a dove in love,  
With only one little bill and tongue,  
As you might hear it sing far above.

---

Two Angels met, in conversation set,  
A says to B, On what world was you beget ?  
On yonder little earth I had birth.  
You must have been a long time surely,  
Emancipating from being demurely.  
Fifty thousand years have I been,  
Emancipating from that little world of sin ;  
I knew it must have been a long time,  
Or you never would have reached this clime.

True, I only three ideas had,  
And these were Christ, lake, and snake—all bad;  
But nature, with its delicate things,  
To all mankind happiness brings;  
Aha! says B, I did not know it,  
Any more than Henry Proett.  
Let us visit yonder earth,  
Where you was born or had your birth,  
I am agreed, for it has been  
A long time since I see the hole of sin.  
I think the breed must have improved;  
I understand the earth is quite smooth.  
Yes, I'm told the earth is belted,  
Modes of travel, mountains melted.  
Have they learnt that love begets love?  
They commune with angels above—  
Of course they have learnt that matter;  
How quick such news will scatter!  
Aha, yes, when they've no idol worship,  
Love that which is most blest,  
To produce your own happiness;  
Who but a fool has'nt found it out,  
That love to a mate is nature all out.  
Few, it's true, has got the right mate;  
And they will quarrel, fight, or hate.  
But whoever finds his partner for life,  
And has got his own loving wife,  
Will be in bliss, happier for this,  
Than all the kings on their thrones,  
Or them that worship God alone.

But men are such stupid asses,  
They never get their own dear lasses,  
Until they have the body riven,  
And found their mate their only heaven.  
This I know, too, truly given,  
For I am in that way liven ;  
But not one in a thousand here below,  
Has found it true, or thought it so ;  
Every one that isn't on our side,  
And believe God lived and died,  
We call infidel, or go to hell,  
Which all of course is very well.  
But isn't it strange, what a clatter  
Which one can make ? what's the matter ?  
But one fellow, like Thomas Paine,  
With the same amount of brain,  
Would set the world all in uproar.  
We know that we've seen it before.  
And every priest upon this ball  
Would shake in his shoes worse than Paul :  
Why is all this, can any say ?  
To me it's plain as open day.  
When men in truth a science hold,  
They will not be easily alarmed,  
But seek disputants very bold,  
Never thinking of being harmed.  
When a man holds a counterfeit note,  
You accuse him, he'll catch your throat ;  
The reason he gives you is simply this,  
You've no right for to say it—take my fist.

The darling is his most choice love ;  
He has had the story right straight  
From an angel of love, from above.  
Many angel stories we must hear,  
That is not worth a mug of beer.  
Every one likes to tell the rest  
How by angels they have been blest ;  
Angels used to be very common—  
Lot entertained two all night  
To set people all in a fight.  
His daughters seemed to answer as well,  
For the men were so full of hell ;  
Why should religion by law be protected ?  
For fear that it will like science be dissected.  
But you may travel Pagan 'country o'er—  
Is religion protected there any more ?  
Then in this boasted land of God,  
With Moses, Christ, and Aaron's rod,  
Why should the priests too lazy be  
To defend their creeds I can't see,  
Unless it is because so many,  
To save the worlds from evils any,  
Has made the world in duty bound  
Protect religion wherever found.  
Man his physical system takes,  
For all it's worth with pains or aches,  
And believe what he is taught to,  
No matter what he is brought to,  
What seems to him for to be true,  
He feels to his heirs to be due,

And will ever for Heaven's sake,  
Try in some way converts to make.  
And how he will shell out the gold,  
Salvation to teach, to unfold.  
Millions upon millions are paid  
Because people are so afraid.  
When devils are let out of hell  
Many will have their property to sell.  
Now it costs some one third they earn  
For their own salvation concern.  
Men now look to the State of Maine,  
When the old devil gets unchained ;  
Thousands of priests will be wanted,  
The churches then will all be haunted.  
Rob a poor man to build a church,  
Leave your creditors all in the lurch,  
Get him to contract as cheap as you can  
So he'll have for to cheat half of his men.  
Tell him for to work cheaper for the Lord,  
So he will do it for less than afford ;  
And hire the devil to sing in the choir,  
Because you can get him cheaper on hire.  
And then to call this all worshipping God,  
Which is just as much as carrying a hod.  
But every dog must have his day.

The churches are on a race ;  
Some might as well work as play,  
Or try for to run their face.  
All learn something on their way,  
If they do meet with disgrace ;



For what would the pulpit do  
If no one rang the church bell,  
Or all the souls of mankind,  
If no one sent them to hell?  
The priests are crafty, cunning still,  
Regular at work as a mill.  
They feel in earnest for the Lord,  
Have a way in making his word;  
They make it speak just as they like,  
Any way the people to fright;  
To get a good living they'll pray,  
And keep folks at church night and day.  
Hoping for the sake of the Lord  
Get pay for dispensing his word.  
If the congregation gets thin,  
They'll then try for to cast out sin.  
They'll get together, and make such a clatter,  
You would think the devil was the matter.  
But this all is done for the saving of souls;  
They'll preach and will pray in all sorts of holes,  
For to get the people all in a touse,  
And to thrash out the grain and fill God's house.  
What a blessing that he's so much to do,  
That will pay so well is so easy too.  
We hope they'll have more come, nice little crew,  
For angels are coming to help them too.  
I'm not mistaken they'll give them a dose,  
And then any shall see who knows the most.  
There is music ahead who lives to see it,  
And before all are dead what can be it?

They are bent on having hole through to man,  
And that they'll do now as soon as they can,  
They have tried the thing over again,  
They are now getting possession of the brain,  
They have felt of hands and feet long enough,  
And have got through of some dirty stuff.  
The world has heard of such nonsense enough,  
And it's time now they listen to reason,  
The only choice gift of Heaven in season,  
We shall now begin to instruct mankind—  
We have possession of at least one mind,  
This being smaller than we desire,  
Yet we hope to set the world on fire.  
We have to gratify him in all his whims,  
Yet we think he is worth more than a pin.  
Does not want a large mind to instruct the world,  
For man could not understand much if unfurled.  
They know neither God nor their little world,  
And how we shall begin has been a matter of doubt.  
What is God ? what is hell ?  
What is Heaven where angels dwell ?  
What is glory ? why all this splatter ?  
What the devil is the matter ?  
What is an angel, can you tell ?  
How are they made ? how do they look ?  
Who has seen one in a book ?  
Come, look around, see how they're made,  
Where's God ? I'm not afraid ;  
Look around, see what he's about,  
You'll find soon without doubt.

Twenty years ago I thought I knew all  
That was worth knowing on this terrestrial ball,  
But now I have found that I am a devilish fool,  
And have just now commenced of going to school,  
And if I ever had the brains of a louse,  
I should have known before this, on earth God has no house.  
But I was taught to preach and pray, like other dev'lish  
fools,  
And always thought I'd found the way like all the rest,  
the tools.  
I felt the witness that I was blest like a heavenly dew,  
And can feel it yet, if I'm a mind that course for to pursue.  
So I know upon the start what bottom I have got,  
And I can feel the witness any time right in the old spot.  
My guardian now tells me they always made it there,  
For when I worked my mind up so much, they had to  
have a care  
That some, from being neglected, had become quite insane,  
And it was not always the case it was for the want of brain.  
For children are always afraid when told of hobgoblins  
and ghosts,  
And men are the same thing—they know but little of the  
most.  
And when one of them got afrightened, they tell all the  
rest,  
Just like so many hens a cackling all on one roost.  
How they got so afrightened, and how they got blest.  
Which makes angels so much trouble, they want man to  
stop,

They are trying to get a hole through that one might pop.  
Now, if you would know, now, what was for your good,  
You must learn the laws of nature just as fast as you  
could.

For that is what angels call the only Word of God ;  
And learn for to love each other just as fast as you can,  
For that is the revelation we want to make to man.  
For when mankind are angry they are miserable indeed,  
And that would be miserable poor stuff a soul for to feed.  
Never be offended because a sheep is not an ox,  
Or a goat, swine, or cameleopard is not a fox.  
Men are not made alike ; what a pity, if they're all the  
same,

For then they would all agree to never let it rain.  
Their houses would be built alike with just so much pain.  
But how could their experience be just all one way—  
All beat the base drum, all play one lay ?  
What a world we should have can any one say ?  
All wear camels' hair, all look just one way.  
They'd all know the temperaments as soon as they were  
born ;

If one took a glass of rum, they'd all take a horn.  
What a pretty set they'd be, can any imagine ?  
All go to the same mill, all ride on the same gudgeon ;  
When one blowed his nose, they'd all give a blast ;  
What would become of the world if such things should  
last ?

All go to the same school, all dine together,  
All go out back in all kinds of weather.  
So that no one could tell one or which from t'other.

What is moral? what is just?  
How far can you mankind trust?  
What is theft? how can you feel?  
Where's the Christian does not steal?  
All trades live by misconsent,  
Money taken without consent,  
Or knowledge of him that spent.  
Is stealing not money lent?  
Is this not a certain truth?  
Christians take pains to teach youth  
To misrepresent goods sold;  
Learn them to lie with face bold!  
Some will say all don't do it,  
But they all lie—I know it.  
Some have the art of covering it up,  
And keep their profits all to themselves—  
Never tell about it in their cup,  
But accumulate as fast as they can,  
And if they are successful, and get pay,  
Will pay everybody to a man.  
But they make their money easy way,  
Or else they never try for to stand  
If every thing goes smooth and easy,  
But will live on the fat of the land.  
Sunday they will all go to their church  
With faces as long as a clam,  
Leaving all their creditors in lurch,  
But pray and sing as fast as they can:  
When they are afraid of dying soon,  
They are all scared to death, to a man,

They will cry for all the church to pray ;  
Having no faith in themselves, will stand,  
They always know themselves to be liars  
As they often acknowledge in prayer,  
And now they begin to look for fires,  
And have the greatest trouble and care.  
They never practice any thing they teach ;  
But want all others to, if they can ;  
They find it much easier for to preach,  
Than learn their own soul's salvation plan :  
They would like to monopolize the trade,  
For to deceive first-rate, if they can.  
God's noblest work is an honest man ;  
This is true, deny it if you can.  
He who feels by honour bound to pray,  
I would trust what I am worth to-day,  
But the only trouble is to find  
What is on every such devil's mind,  
As will cheat, and swear with care,  
And by which they feel that way inclined.  
But nature's law few understand,  
Confidence they learn to command,  
They would all learn to love, if can,  
And all deal with no other man :  
Learn to go after that you like,  
And keep away from all that strike,  
For those that will your anger move  
Will keep you from the purest love,  
Which would the best influence have, can you tell ?  
That for stealing, God would send his soul to hell ;

Or some other thing the child did not understand,  
Or for to talk to him just like a man.  
Or ask him who he could trust, or what the world would  
    come to; if all done thus  
Who would raise a crop, or carry a grist to mill  
If they thought it would be stolen,  
Should never see it still;  
Do you pretend to be wiser than nature's law, or God him-  
    self?  
Do you think man has wrote any thing? do hark—  
For the meaning of Holy Bible when translated is soft  
    bark,  
That is wiser than the eternal law of God.  
Do sit all your life, and be a fool,  
Or go and try to learn God to rule;  
Tell him what is for him to do right;  
He should never learn nations to fight.  
Call him to an account that folks starve,  
He does no better they'll others serve,  
Pray him for to scratch your children's heads;  
In the room of your keeping them clean,  
Ask him to do every thing that's mean.  
Try and get him for to scratch your pigs;  
If die, you'll not care for him a fig;  
Build him the tallest kind of a house,  
Pray that he will come to kill a louse.  
Tell him that you are bad as can be,  
But you'll try to do better he'll see,  
And to forgive you only this time,  
And you will make it all right he'll find.

Make a bargain three times every day,  
And break it as often I can say.  
Never tell him one half of the truth,  
Keep the rest back for fear of the youth ;  
Keep the secrets that the most trouble make ;  
That your children may be bit, some snake.  
All may be learnt, or be understood,  
When man will worship all nature's God,  
But as long they preach old sermons o'er  
An hundred thousand times, as before,  
And sing old psalms, of patent make,  
Without the least variation or mistake ;  
The world must improve, fast as Lot's wife  
Turned a pillar of salt, like a knife ;  
The church has opposed science every way,  
And always has hung like every clog ;  
Matters not if truth is light as day,  
You might as well try to move a log.  
But what can you do, with truth untold  
That is worth more than millions of gold ?  
If you will try to teach it to man,  
They will all oppose you if they can.  
Can not teach them, what is for their good—  
Because it is not blown through their quill,  
They will keep of their old opinion still :  
And complain that you do not them hit  
Cannon ball through a quill at a nit,  
The Lord will be pleased, still if he will  
To fertilize the earth through a quill,  
Why not, a fool know what he asks for,



Or how long his old opinions last for.

The world knows so little I don't know where for to begin,  
I'd like to tell them how to improve their breed if it  
would'nt be a sin.

It's right for man to kill each other when all are in battle,  
It's right for man to improve a farm or the breed of cattle,  
Never think of his own breed, for that is'nt the battle.

Matters not what his children are, if all a pack of fools,  
For God only made them so because he was out of tools.

If a man be a man why should he not have a wife ?

Not these little wilted things, thin as a knife,

But the most important thing of all is, it's two who will  
love best,

For when that is surely true, nature will take care of the  
rest.

Public pay a premium for raising an ass,

Public take an interest in having cities lit with gas ;

All like to see a book turn over a new leaf,

All like for to be Captain General in Chief ,

But the world has never yet seen the right sort of a man,  
And they never will nor can on the old-fashioned plan.

There is a way to prepare for a storm,

There is a way to instruct children before they are born—

As the twig is bent the tree is inclined—

Every thing can be done by the mother's mind,

- If she be free and happy from care,

As the morning dew or heavenly air,

So as to be in a harmonious state ;

Like produces like, as we learn of late ;

If her bosom be in great commotion

Like a rough sea on the ocean,  
The blood will be put in like motion,  
And every thing in the whole realm  
Will be boxed about by the same helm ;  
All these things are plain when understood,  
And I know might do a world of good.  
What makes the difference between two brothers ?  
Not because they have two mothers.  
One will be kind, gentle, and free,  
The other crabbed and penurious be ;  
But the mother's heart was nearly broke,  
Because her lord had lost his wealth,  
And was running down in bad health—  
She couldn't see green when he saw blue,  
But felt poor and penurious too ;  
And like begets like all along,  
Which is the burden of my song,  
That you see in every creature,  
If it is a fool like Henry Pitcher.  
All a man knows he must learn ;  
Let his system be a rickety concern,  
It matters not, what or how he's made up ;  
All he ever knows he has got for to learn.  
How could you ever get the idea, burn,  
Without actually feeling the smart ?  
The acuteness of sense must do its part ;  
When you are dependent on acute sense,  
Then man should try and learn the recompense.  
Who would have a fool if he could help it ?  
An evidence that love was out every bit,

The animal only left, and that bereft,  
By what means can every man find relief?  
Establish schools to educate a fool,  
A legislative act to encourage dull tools;  
How delicate man has made this subject!  
No one can speak right to suit the public,  
And all the nations yet unborn to feel,  
Have interest in this solemn appeal;  
But for the stupidity of this present race,  
Man would ascend to a higher place,  
And when emancipation from this body came,  
He would ascend to higher joys and fame.  
If mothers were instructed in the laws of life,  
Man would see a beautiful change in their wife.  
Then suppose this terrestrial ball  
Was a giant's head or no head at all,  
That the Pacific and Atlantic oceans  
Was the brain of this giant notion,  
The Amazon and Misissippi rivers  
Was the jug-veins that did the blood deliver,  
And all the commercial cities of the world  
Was flesh on the head where blood must be hurled;  
If any of the avenues were closed,  
The inhabitants of some city perish,  
Because there was no blood for to cherish;  
All this would be very simple and plain,  
To any body that has any brain;  
Now to keep up a general supply,  
You must all kinds of weather defy.  
Every merchant must understand his trade,

And all have wisdom for to help them aid.  
For, in case of wars or speculations,  
They may, by such means, ruin nations.  
Or cause a great commotion to be had,  
And thousands suffer, and die for the want of their bread.  
But if in fever they should the market glut,  
Fetch a crisis, not knowing where to put.  
All men need learn, is what nature demands,  
Never should so violate nature's plans.  
Any substance unhealthy will injure a man,  
Look into that, and deny it if you can.  
What the system does not need to sustain  
Will always injure the body or brain.  
There is one thing that no one dare deny,  
The system is governed by supply.  
What nature does demand must be given,  
For that is the surest way of living.  
All disturbing cause violates nature's laws,  
Tell him the only way he will take it—  
The truth for himself he will make it.  
But laws of life is to man unknown,  
They are concealed behind nature's throne.  
Supply and demand not understood,  
Nor mechanical action so good.  
Of the heart, and lungs, and all together,  
In action keep, or work any weather,  
Kept by supply, to nature given.  
You've seen magnetic galvanism,  
Now, a little thing in common use,  
Used, in ignorance, with abuse ;

Which exemplifies animal motion,  
I know to be true without a notion.  
The lungs exclude all but magnetism,  
The brain supplies galvanism.  
For they, in one current, united stan',  
And cause all the motion in a man.  
Now when the system is all made up,  
You can not alter more than a cup.  
Will depend upon supply given,  
Whether you will have hell or heaven ;  
For every part the blood must sustain,  
All the flesh, bone, muscles, nerves, and brain.  
Besides, the gentler part all keep new,  
Supply sexual love, and happiness too,  
Nor learn the law by Heaven given,  
Taught by nature, or alway striven.  
For to lead the mind by gentle care  
To find what happiness is in there.  
And all who will but their senses take,  
For any for their happiness sake,  
They will in the end find sweet employ  
In that eternal fountain of joy.  
These things I have but learnt of quite late,  
And I have learnt of an eternal mate.  
She has with me but two years striven—  
I received her direct from Heaven.  
She is now my only bosom friend,  
And with me all her time doth she spend.  
She is now the joy of all my heart,  
And I would not for worlds with her part.

She, by caressing me every day,  
In every manner of playful way,  
For twelve months, perhaps a little more,  
Before she could one sentence speak ;  
Which was, I love thee; I do you seek.  
But some about this will make a great splutter—  
O, Bouton, what can be the matter ?  
Surely you must be insane or fool ;  
Your brain has made you almost a tool.  
A sweeter rose never with man roomed,  
Or in this world, or of Sharon bloomed.  
Your exact mate, by Heaven given,  
With whom I always shall be living.  
A whacket to kiss—a go to heaven—  
The simplest things in nature given,  
Would learn mankind the way to heaven.  
But how shall man teach what he may know,  
Or make such things understood here below,  
When folks are afraid of their shadow ?  
For if angels take a little pains  
To exercise people's little brains,  
Many will become almost insane,  
And cause those which they love too much pain.  
Twenty men saw an angel, I swear—  
Who believes it I do not care.  
You believe that man has an immortal part,  
Besides lungs, liver, spleen, gas, heart.  
And can you tell what leaves the body ?  
Come, let us hear you ride your hobby.  
Is it any thing you see, smell, or taste ?

'Twas all the power to think or race ;  
All physical strength, power, or faith.  
What on earth is a moving power,  
That man beheld or saw for an hour ?  
Think, can any tell this side of hell ?  
Now before any find too much fault,  
Think what you know—make a halt.  
And all that moves worlds every fraction,  
Who see element of attraction ?  
Or that which does a tornad<sup>o</sup> make,  
Or a great earthquake the world to shake ?  
What of it ? can you see ? is it true ?  
Look around until your eyes are blue,  
You can believe old nonsense a foot—  
Angels will tear hell up by the root.  
But see the little man, his sides shake  
To think of man you can angels make ;  
Angels in the universe being,  
All had a beginning to seeing ;  
They all did have a physical form,  
And all on some planet have been born ;  
They did not know, until they had learnt,  
How to feel, taste or smell, or get burnt ;  
All the varieties in the earth  
Are to give angels their happy birth,  
Teach the mind, to compare such that be  
Time to come yes for eternity,  
Yes, the animal kingdom you see,  
Minerals, vegetables, that be ;  
All that man in universe can scan

Even the difference seen in man,  
Now remember what earth has given  
Toward giving man a start for heaven.  
Be content that God must know the most,  
And stop looking for a Holy Ghost ;  
Or a power nature to expel,  
Any thing that's bad or send it to hell !  
All such things was in folly given,  
Never came from a part of heaven ;  
These things angels know to be true,  
Longed to come and declare it to you.  
No man would oppose all that he could,  
Should have a tendency to do good,  
Most trouble is for language to teach,  
Those ignorant, stupid, as a peach.  
Suppose we now go to Africa,  
In the interior part we will say ;  
There to describe a locomotive,  
What they have never seen since they live,  
Without a single word in their language,  
That can express the thought, but enrage,  
And if the words are differently used  
They call it lying or feel abused.  
Now just think of taking such a part  
Where language can never be given,  
You have to learn them, that on the start.  
If your soul is filled with heaven,  
What exists that has no power to act  
Or be acted on who'll tell, good lack.  
That which does not exist has being,



Perhaps you can now tell by seeing,  
Has man power to kill his brother ;  
Angels have less some way or other ;  
Look at the stupidity of man,  
And so account for it if you can.  
How long will it take for man to learn  
A discovery like the Galileo concern ?  
Will they not every one stand and swear  
That they all saw the sun rise just there.  
You can not teach them in a minute,  
Of all the truth you may have in it ;  
Has man yet learnt how for to control,  
Elements of mind or his own soul.  
They can excite the anger or wrath,  
Or drive a man from his beaten path,  
Or cultivate friendship many love,  
Leads angelic felicity above.  
But how much do they know of second state,  
Only of what they have heard of late ;  
All tremble and fear lest they should hear,  
A thing which upsets their creeds so dear.  
No matter how silly it has been,  
They'll stick to it like original sin ;  
Go after that which makes the most noise,  
Feel out every thing but nature's joys.  
Live like a fool, and die like a brute,  
Call that pious that has no good fruit :  
Be always ready to fight for your creed,  
Never learn any thing that's new indeed,  
But thy Kingdom come like a fork

Preserve us, bottled up with a cork,  
Is the prayer of all the foolish folks ;  
They'll always go one way like a spoke ;  
They never will get out of their wheel,  
If they would they would learn a good deal,  
Now warm their bed with the same old pan,  
And fry their meat on the same old plan ;  
They'll get up a party when they wish,  
And all sop, and eat out of one dish,  
And tell you this the way to save souls ;  
When they drink, they'll drink out of one bowl.  
And when they pray all pray together,  
For to get up a change of weather.  
If a fool, would he ever be wise  
Always looking for mansions in the skies ?  
What do with such a bright set of pups  
That drink God per month in their cups ;  
When they marry they pray for luck,  
And if cheated they keep up good pluck—  
'Tis not so bad to quarrel and fight  
As for to sleep alone for one night,  
They'll live together all their life,  
Keep up a quarrel or constant strife,  
Always ready for to bite the rasp,  
Hang to their opinion till the last gasp,  
Wonder that their children are not doves  
Constantly interchanging their loves.  
But like produces like the world o'er,  
That you can see in fox, cat, or boar ;  
If you would try to improve the breed

Must raise better crops, sow better seed.  
Now be delicate—never speak the truth,  
For fear of injury to the youth.  
Learn your children to lie in the bud,  
Will do if you do, as sure as mud.  
Whatever you want for to reform,  
Always do it before they are born.  
This is a truth that all men should know,  
Particularly ladies, or no go.  
This is a truth that all angels know,  
And what they want is, make man think so.  
That is curing evil at the root,  
When that understood all evils they'll foot.  
O, how important to all that shall live !  
Millions of pain saved—what would they give ?  
Redeemed from disease of every kind ;  
Completely under control of mind.  
Constantly improving to refine.  
- Gracious Heaven give us all good pluck  
To improve our breed and have good luck.  
And why upon earth should angels stay,  
Unless they make truth as plain as day ?  
With what a stupid set they have to deal,  
And the Lord only knows how we feel.  
And how we should all like to impart,  
What would improve and rectify the heart,  
That man might learn to circulate blood  
By his own will-power, like a flood.  
This I have been learned by angels near  
My true love mate who is with me here.

But all such stuff to man will appear  
Like nonsense, funny, or dreadful queer.  
But all such things I here must relate,  
Or offend my only true love mate.  
I love like a thunder gust or squall—  
I would like to eat her, soul and all.  
This you may think rather far too tall  
For one forty-seven after the fall.  
Why should man with others find fault,  
With blind, decrepit, and the halt?  
Did they order themselves made so?  
They detest their form long ago;  
And when we find we are so made up,  
And must drink the dregs in the cup,  
Then man will with us find some fault,  
When we so dearly our life bought.  
If one by chance is better made,  
Who is to blame, it may be said?  
Who knew the law by which it came;  
And can he do the same again?  
But who always feels just alike?  
Some may always feel like strike;  
But every man on earth had birth,  
Can not always feel so much mirth.  
But does it difference any make,  
What a man in his stomach takes?  
Why do any their own child feed?  
Such substances they never need;  
Like the whisky milk, poisonous bread,  
If sprightly, wiry, soon be dead.

Or nuts and candies, too much had,  
For the children are very bad.  
But if would preserve in health,  
Have care that nothing goes by stealth;  
And if you'd give no poisonous food,  
Make all yourself, and see it's good.  
The only wonder man would have,  
Is that he or she any live.  
If but knew the substance taken,  
Swallowed because already baked;  
And the stuff that mankind do drink,  
Mixed with coffee, don't you think?  
Or all sorts of liquor given,  
Leached turpentine, by Heaven.  
And liquors so awfully mixed—  
No wonder so many fixed.  
Nitrate acid and muriatic,  
Equal parts dissolve gold fatic.  
When such things mixed they alter,  
Make some hang themselves with halter.  
See five tubs of guts in row,  
In a bar-room fool—drunk or so.  
Pickled tripe—polite so called—  
Only when in the gutter falled.  
But how shall man improve his race?  
Is the question for us to face.  
The only place is in the bud;  
And that is plain—as sure as mud.  
When men shall learn to call things right—  
Will not always with nature fight,

But take all things as he finds them,  
Use as he should, never mind them.  
Not be angry because a fox  
Is not a calf, a sheep an ox.  
Or else because your brother man  
Was not cast, in the same mold ran.  
Suppose he has some dirty trick,  
Learn of him the same just as quick.  
Not stop to quarrel with a stick.  
Remember things in nature given  
Have to learn their way to heaven.  
Be pleased with every thing you can,  
And learn to act and be a man.  
For what can not alter you stand  
And make the best of it you can.  
But, suppose at a painful view,  
One very repulsive to you  
Does not heed your distress, but come  
Close too, how close will it do, come.  
Shall he embrace that which sickens,  
Eat them up as hen her chickens ;  
Follow up such conduct for life,  
And keep our passions all in strife ?  
Why try to love that which is bad,  
Or to us seems as if it had ?  
That you can not love, neither hate,  
Nor make yourself an addle pate.  
He himself agreeable makes  
For the money he thinks to take.  
Or to borrow of them would not lend,

The element kindness to spend.  
He very soon will waste away,  
And show his nature, I can say  
All man's deception, held in trust,  
Will help some for to make man worse.  
Deception, the great bane of life,  
A curse between man and his wife,  
All relations in which men deal,  
Which nature should teach all to feel,  
Union, harmony with man is strength—  
Nothing so plain of the same length.  
Self lies to the bottom of all :  
He who gives at another's call,  
He thinks he will be happier with all.  
Or else why give for Heaven's sake,  
You think, do you not, if not snake ?  
Would to God that man might now see,  
What would for his interest be.  
Deception lays at the bottom  
Of wars, monarchies, dod rot them !  
And republics, in part, false heart ;  
And every evil in the world  
Can be unfurled and show the part.  
Deception is the foundation,  
I said, of all bad relation.  
Whoever shall in themselves check  
The art to deceive others so slick,  
Will in themselves find great reward,  
An hundred times more bold afford.  
Look at the expense of navies,

Armies, and fortified Javies.  
Or islands of the sea or coasts,  
And which are every nation's boast.  
They despise or fear each other,  
Yet outwardly call each brother,  
Except when in their contests found,  
Then brother grinds brother in the ground.  
Who, but one learned of priest to lie,  
By lying to his God would die?  
To defend a hypocrite's word,  
Some time ago I asked when Christ  
Would come for to give us a histe,  
Was told he had altered his plan  
Of salvation for to save man;  
That the Jews did him so abuse,  
He should let them get their own news,  
But, said I, he promise made  
To come with holy angels said;  
Now to tell you the whole matter,  
In short without any splatter,  
When Christ and his apostles found  
That Popery would come around,  
In spite of all that could be done  
He concluded to die again,  
Or send another son, the same.  
But, said I, where is he now, tell,  
He's now preaching to souls in hell.  
Do not joke me so, let me know.  
Then if you must have all the truth,  
I am afraid you, in your youth,



Can not bear it ; but to tell thee  
When the inquisition founded, he  
And apostles wounded at heart,  
They changed their names—left this part  
For parts unknown ; but see his throne.  
Why the devil ? what's the reason ?  
Could he not stop it in season ?  
No, they all tried, and told man  
That Christ died to save if he can.  
We all feel much grieved to think how  
Christ suffered and labored till now ;  
But when all his hope was all lost,  
It mattered not how much it cost ;  
Saw all was lost—gave up the rule.  
You say he's gone ; how long away ?  
'Bout fifteen hundred years, they say.  
What do you think he could then do ?  
Go to hell, and preach again, too.  
Where is hell ? can you tell us, say ?  
No ; we don't know, but far away.  
But there was such being as Christ—  
Moses and Elias gave a histe ?  
Do not ask such foolish questions,  
But ask something you ought to learn.  
Forget the old salvation concern.  
Well then, how shall I be happy ?  
Love what you can—don't be sappy.  
Then, to live as you should, be good  
To all around ; even a priest  
Show kindness—humanity at least.

You may not expect it from them,  
But you touch nothing else by hem.  
For your own sake love even that  
Makes you ache, if blind as a bat,  
Or else keep all clear from all such,  
They can not help any or much.  
Seek that you can love, like the rest  
Of all that have been heavenly blest,

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Think now of universal space,  
In some direction take a race,  
Now go east, or west, north, or south,  
Now stare, look wild, open your mouth.  
Fifty million miles a second  
At that rate for millions of years,  
Yes, say for eternity, no fears,  
You find no end to creation;  
Of planets with their relation,  
You would see millions of systems  
Of worlds unnumbered by angels,  
Unfurled forever without end,  
Think of God's universal empire;  
Try and stretch your mind, never tire,  
Think is there any end to space?  
What angel can see it, what race?  
Angels that have been from the form  
Fifty millions of years been born,  
Say they can not conceive of any,  
Or end to creation if many,

Think can you conceive a time lone,  
When God was alone without throne ;  
Now try to get out of your pen,  
Think of something larger than moon ;  
If God created the universe,  
He must have been before or first.  
Then once he was alone forever,  
That you must see if you endeavor ;  
And then he had not yet a will,  
Or lay very dormant or still.  
And what a time that must have been,  
Not one world to die on for sin ;  
What a hell of a time he had !  
He must have felt horrid or bad ;  
Ah! did you think he made space to  
This little world with race or two ?  
What idea have you had ? nothing  
You can tell only Christ and hell.  
Come now, think you know any thing.  
Go ask your little priest if had,  
Whether Moses' God in box felt bad ?  
Or whether he was always mad ?  
What a pity he could not kill  
The Canaanites, as make sun still !  
One angel could destroy the world,  
Easy as David the stone hurled ;  
But if any will make a God  
That knows enough to carry a hod,  
Do not go to Moses or calf,  
But sit down and think if you laugh.

If you in meditation given  
Will find assistance to Heaven,  
Now do not be scared, but all see  
If would'nt be there an eternity.  
If Moses' God was dead and gone,  
Or if he never had a throne,  
Ah ! would fire burn and water quench,  
Would anger malice the body wrench ?  
Would love solace seen face to face ?  
Would deception be all the same,  
And every thing else you can name ?  
Do not be scared, you can not learn  
Deception to detect discern.  
Suppose in religion you've been wrong,  
How many is right ? that's the song.  
Think not always too much of earth,  
But do think of a heavenly birth,  
With one only mate, but no dearth.  
With joy beyond, what can be told ;  
But here am getting very bold,  
The laughing-stock of all the world ;  
That shall heave the truth, my good girl,  
The matchless joy to us in bliss,  
Unfold eternal happiness ;  
And this I know now to be true  
Now in the field of heavenly view.  
We live as ever, man and wife,  
With all the best struggles of life ;  
But knowing our destiny near  
Will be over, forever here ;

But a constant increase of bliss  
To help pay us for telling this ;  
Angels want every one to know,  
The happiness in store for them  
Every son and daughter below ;  
No conception can be given  
To man of this way of living,  
All imagination striven,  
Can not think of this new heaven ;  
Now blow the trumpet, sound the gong,  
Come, every son, daughter, along,  
Should be the burden of our song.  
All nations of the earth rejoice,  
Unite in harmonious voice,  
Spread the tidings now just given  
Of this new way of man's living.  
God existed eternally alone,  
Until he willed to have a throne ;  
Or until he willed something to make,  
How long did he lay still, millions years take.  
From eternity he is what a quiz,  
Who made the worlds ? the Lord, who made him ?  
He was not made ; he never did begin.  
Then something existed without a cause ;  
But is that contrary to all nature's laws ?  
Who knows all of nature's laws, can you tell ?  
They all know as much about that as hell.  
In God is there marks of design ? do say,  
Must not designer be wiser than they ?  
Or does the thing made always know the most ?

This must be answered by some Holy Ghost.  
Shall man reason, if he can, what is man ?  
If it was not for his reason or plan,  
He'd lose his life any day, work or play ;  
Get run over with cars ; run off the dock ;  
Get a knock ; stumble ; break a neck a-day.  
Man does not instinct have like brutes to live—  
His reason must be developed to save,  
Or make improvement this side of the grave.  
But, says one, you have no business to think,  
Those that would like your pockets to pick.  
Or we can not all carry on our trade  
If any such doctrine should that pervade.  
So a thief might say, if a law you enact,  
Punish the rascal for being out of track.  
Minds demand a reason every thing new ;  
A reason they will have till all is blue.  
But some will hire others for them to think ;  
Their minds will be dull or black as a mink.  
But all those that would save from mental pain,  
And in the body improve or get great gain,  
Must learn to think and understand the law,  
When a reason given without a flaw.  
If you believe man immortal some part,  
Think what does it do here who interfere.  
Does God make you stand around, bless your heart ?  
Does the ship sink when filled with water ?  
If any is on board—if king's daughter—  
Do volcanoes burst forth, if you in way ?  
Does God ever make them or any stay ?

Think, would you fall from a steeple top, say?  
If you let go to pray, pray all the way.  
Do priests believe in prayer, if they are there?  
When ship is sinking fast, if so, why pump?  
O, why because the ship has had a thump.  
Who is ready now to learn something new?  
I hope in the world there is some—a few.  
Who shall you love, then, all and your wife?  
Be particular for the one for life.  
Then life does not end here—do you know it?  
See here, my love, my dear, what a question!  
Know it! yes, never fear without molestation.  
But how can all others know just the same?  
Just as easy as believe the old sham  
About Moses, Christ, or Abraham's name.  
Do all men, then, foreyer always live?  
Yes, and improve in love to always give.  
Then that is all the heaven you know,  
That is heaven enough, what you do love.  
Can that you hate make you happy, say, dove?  
We keep clear of all things we do not like,  
And learn all others not us for to strike.  
We bless all, and love what we can,  
And do good to all every man.  
All who expect to be changed,  
And before a judgment arranged,  
Or touched with something—a wan,  
And believe God will make if can,  
A holier or better man.  
Will find every thing else but that,

But if he goes blind like a bat  
He will find the want of a change,  
If he should die with any brains.  
The world has no knowledge to keep,  
All sons and daughters for to weep.  
For fear of miserable state,  
They all run in hazard of fate.  
The hope that some have to sustain  
Always has to die with the brain ;  
They then find they have always been fools,  
That others have made them but tools.  
That all priests are worse off than self,  
That what they have learned is not health,  
But have always fought against God.  
And all the light that was in them,  
If ever must learn to be men.  
For God can do all his own work,  
Without Daniel, Joseph, or Burk.  
For that all the world should have seen  
Without all sorts of religion so mean,  
Man is dependent upon birth,  
Time to get a start upon earth ;  
Depends upon how he can learn,  
Or born with rickety concern.  
Whoever can find a surer bliss  
Than I have found in this happiness,  
Is welcome to all he she can get ;  
They may work as long as they see fit.  
They may blow veneration through hole  
Not so big as a straw to a bowl,



And get all the steam they can muster,  
Get all in one heap or cluster ;  
And all yelp like so many of hounds,  
For the kingdom of God to come down,  
They may encamp in the woods by flood,  
And lay under the trees in the mud,  
And screech all day, night, like so many owls,  
And all call themselves God's only fowls.  
When children are learnt to lie in youth,  
If pray they will be better than truth,  
That let them do as bad as they can,  
They've only to repent, be good man ;  
They may raise the devil all their life,  
And murder, and steal, or kill their wife.  
But in two days and half they get gain,  
Or salvation, which is all the same ;  
Will be happier than if not sin,  
Or one that was moral had'nt de'il been ;  
What, expect such promises given,  
But the roughest kind road to heaven ;  
One will take the money at the bar,  
For pardoning sins let you go thus far.  
Others make them all pay by the year,  
And will pray for you when you ask here ;  
It is hard telling which costs the most,  
But well to have your own Holy Ghost ;  
I tried that plan, when quite a young man,  
On own hook, without Bible or book.  
I could convert any little squirt,  
Tell if you don't repent you'll be worse.

Every sermon you hear is a curse,  
That the heathen all will be saved  
Because they never have been shaved :  
They want money to go among them,  
And convert them as they did Gen. Bem.  
One was converted, a thousand heard  
The rest will be damned, if truth in word,  
The way to begin is at the stump—  
Begin with the child on the first jump.  
Learn him to pray before he can speak,  
To look for goblins when he is weak,  
Or else, reason may get a strong hold,  
And will tell you're a fool, very bold,  
Lay siege to the young and weak if can,  
But all of you keep clear of a man.  
Debate questions with some devilish fool,  
Because you can use them as a tool ;  
Keep books that would expose out of sight,  
And learn sects to jangle and to fight.  
Control all in a church if you can,  
If not divide them, man against man ;  
Visit such as will pay you the best,  
Don't care if the devil have the rest.  
If you visit any poor old soul,  
Tell all the rest, blow it through a hole ;  
Learn all to tattle, and for to tell  
How nigh some soul came going to hell.  
One sect always lie about other,  
But sometimes call each blessed brother.  
They unite in only one great thing,

Call bad that which no revenue bring,  
Ah! did you ever love, have you seen  
One as handsome as you could wish, keen,  
With bright ever sparkling eyes and wise.  
Has she come, how many on earth's size,  
But they change to beauty, yes, to bliss,  
Can you imagine such happiness?  
What one calls beauty, others call grave,  
Each one is suited themselves to save;  
They know they have of all got the best,  
They are glad that any take the rest.  
Ah! did I say they in beauty grow,  
Yes, few short years homely you'd not know,  
Then each have their choice, not always do,  
Some are behind their mate, not but few;  
Ah, love, what becomes of such? do say,  
They pick up any thing on their way;  
Yes, but are they also happy too?  
Some not much, but happier than you.  
Why, I thought I was happy as could,  
You can not be happy if you would;  
Nor any one else with flesh and blood  
I could your heart overflow like flood,  
For your brain and heart does not enough,  
Galvanism make, nor your lungs tough;  
To magnetism make while you stay  
You think what I now impart will lay,  
Besides satisfy any heart to-day,  
But you as yet know nothing of bliss  
You have hardly tasted happiness.

Happiness consists in mingling  
Two principles of life, like man and wife.  
Ah! how plain, I see upon my life,  
In what way can man improve his state,  
Kiss, or hug, and love his only mate.  
But that is something not understood—  
Shall I tell them, though, how to be good?  
Yes, tell what you like, they can but strike;  
Then I would say, that when kiss and play,  
Be careful what you do on the way;  
Keep most of your capital in store,  
You will find you can love all the more.  
What is a motive to move the mind  
That which causes man to act incline?  
Then all evil that comes from desire,  
Enkindled for the body set fire  
To gratify some whim or desire,  
Which is left with the carcass or shell;  
And man, the thinking, moving power,  
Created in a body an hour,  
Being sensible of sensation,  
By perception, or its relation,  
The mind or soul is created, made.  
Now do all think, do not be afraid,  
Is not the mind through the body made?  
Can there be a mind that has not thought,  
Nor through a body felt been taught?  
Do angels know any thing? do say;  
Did they all learn it too the same way?  
Is it any matter how children make?

Then do angels care what you send there?  
Or what company they must all take,  
Who so wise as to say, No matter?  
Let them have our fools; let them scatter.  
We should the world told before, if good,  
Man could not govern his brute, if would;  
But the day arrived that many can,  
And now gird up your loins—be a man.  
Do not use so much watery stuff when pale.  
Eat meat twice a day if nothing ail.  
And if in a cold, negative state,  
And then always go to bed quite late;  
Not get too much sleep; sit up to laugh;  
Before you retire sip brandy half.  
Yes; a gill, as water boiling hot,  
Which will make you perspire as in cot,  
Throw the blood to the famishing brain;  
Feed the whole system all to sustain.  
But if the blood is already thick,  
And the heart with all power acts quick,  
Less meat, drink water, no brandy sip.  
If any would learn the law of health,  
Be sure see what agrees with himself.  
Every thing depends on what given,  
The manner or mode of some living.  
The principle begot can not change,  
You can never give a fool more brains.  
And these things should all be understood;  
If the world would be saved, then be good.

Who on earth knows any thing of health,  
But all, every thing, goes on by stealth.

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I here relate a thing, I'll state,  
That Docter Franklin told me,  
All new combinations sold me.  
Minerals, vegetables, too,  
Animals, every kind they do,  
And all unite to form anew,  
Or beget new principles, love,  
In that world-happiness above ;  
And every new taste in man blest  
All unite for his happiness.  
Now hear once more, the morning song  
It is quite short, not very long,  
I can tell thee soon, my own coon,  
And without making any moon ;  
Every thing in nature given  
Is part, if not all, our heaven.  
See now who can save from folly,  
And learn John, Peter, and Polly  
The even road to heavenly bliss,  
Called eternal happiness ;  
Then all stand by and learn the rest,  
That to do good is to be blest.  
For no one was so happy past  
Who lived died biting the rasp,  
But loves of description given  
Is at least one part of our heaven ;

Now remember, never defile,  
Persecute one, a guilty child,  
For love creates itself anew,  
With all, every one, not a few,  
By reciprocation, changed,  
In all relations we have named,  
But who so wise never to think ?  
The better way, never to sink,  
But learn the laws in nature given,  
The only road to our heaven.  
Every blossom, flower, and thorn  
Opens the womb of time is born,  
Goes to make up one total sum  
Of celestial love, world to come.  
Teach man the living stream or fount,  
Celestial love on which to count,  
Billions of flowers, fragrant air,  
Cultivated brought forth with care ;  
All, all help us for to sum up  
The eternal bliss in the cup,  
The one hope we have of heaven  
Is found in mingling seven by seven—  
Seven qualities in every soul,  
Fourteen in most, but not the whole ;  
Fifty the most in form given,  
In all the road this side of heaven,  
These qualities are added more  
Yes, forever eternal score,  
Which makes love eternal flower,  
Adding something new every hour.

Who ever thought about the uses  
Things used without abuses ?  
How absorbed, yes, mingled, stole  
Every body, yes, every soul,  
All combined in one grand whole,  
Gross matter body, fine the soul,  
This the thought needs to analyze,  
Affix in mind, mansions in skies.  
Now the greater the mind or soul,  
The more it extends to the whole,  
To the highest that can be seen,  
To the lowest, vulgar, and mean ;  
This is the element of Franklin's soul,  
Who was attached to this potato of a fool ;  
He says I have fifty elements of soul,  
He five hundred or more, not the whole.  
But angels he knows has so many more,  
Fifty millions of elements of mind,  
And these all no two of a kind ;  
But add to happiness of soul  
And will forever increase store  
And make them the happier, the more  
He comes down to teach me damn potato,  
And says by watering a while I'll grow,  
That he has seen me twice before  
In distress, kicked out of door,  
That he then used a little influence kind  
In such a manner as gently soothed the mind  
Of which then but little I had,  
Just enough to be a fool and feel bad.



He out of friendship to the kind  
Done what he could to soothe my mind,  
Twice did I say, yes twenty times,  
He has felt out and found my pulse,  
- I should not in damage demulct ;  
All men and things can not be used  
By others apt for to be abused ;  
Some can use more elements than others,  
Use snags, as if good, as brothers,  
Make them gratify some of their loves,  
Having tasted more of the fruit above.  
Angels care for the name Doctor  
As I for name Frog or John Proctor.  
Titles they despise, fools not wise,  
All one accord ashamed of Lord,  
Or name given as proof living.

---

One problem the world should have solved,  
What is just and what is right absolve,  
Some think others must do as done by,  
Some want others to do as they try,  
To have others do like to have done,  
But in that some think would be no fun.  
The fox likes the goose, the goose the corn,  
That they do so just as quick as born,  
The goose she would like to be done by,  
Not as she does by the corn, if try.  
What one likes another can't discern,

One born with a rickety concern,  
And all men have their peculiar tastes,  
What they dislike they hate for to face ;  
When armies together in battle,  
It's right to kill, butchers do cattle,  
But if two alone should meet to fight  
It would be wrong, it could not be right.  
Angels think what is right at wholesale  
Would also be, as they see, retail ;  
When force meets force one must surely fall,  
Be better not for to meet at all ;  
But if they all do as done by,  
Follow God's law, see nature, do try ;  
If maid kiss a man, does he do by,  
If he likes girl I guess he will try,  
Love did not beget love what would do,  
Would anger beget it with a whew.  
Which has most power, angels or man  
One says, Think fool, try, and be a man,  
Did Franklin bring lightning from a cloud ?  
Then angels could not thunder so loud.  
Does man suppose the more they all know .  
The less they can do down here below ?  
Do angels understand nature's law ?  
But man does without a single flaw.  
They will all know less when angels be,  
They believe Elias came Christ to see,  
So Moses and Elias next to God,  
Angels of other planets, the hod,  
Jupiter a hundred times as large

Was made for nothing else but a barge,  
Who knows the best, them that was born there,  
Or fool of priest that couldn't skin a bear?  
What a God mankind must have to live,  
Never learn any thing new like Sive,  
The same old tune on the same fiddle.  
Eternally same noise high-diddle.  
What a fine, happy God he would be,  
Can any imagine, all can see!  
The little priests have made gods enough,  
Angels will have one different stuff,  
In order to live, improve, or thrive,  
There must action be, react this wise,  
To compare most distant things that are,  
If man should always look upon a crown,  
Never see a horse-nail would be clown—  
Always look one color, smell one smell,  
Never taste bitter with sweet, what hell,  
How much would any one ever know,  
For to live, never die, always so.  
All the inhabitants of this earth  
That ever lived, died, had birth,  
At different times wiser than the rest,  
Or in their bodies better more blest,  
The law, nature to act and react,  
Which may be seen in the world's whole tract,  
The creative principle of life,  
Nothing but strife between man and wife,  
Action and reaction produces life,  
In all nature see there is a strife,

These to be wise must be understood,  
For nature teaches all that it could,

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And any who more instruction need,  
Then seventh chapter, second Samuel, read,  
Where David was gluttoned with success,  
Is ready now his God for to bless,  
Says to Nathan, I in cedar house,  
While God has tent not fit for a louse ;  
Nathan leaves, but sure to take the hint,  
Goes home more Bible for to print ;  
God tells what a sorry time he's had,  
In walking under canvas so bad,  
That he for forty years had striven  
To conquer land for Israel's Heaven,  
That he would now plant Israel sure,  
David's house should forever endure.  
If his children sinned, he'd use the rod,  
For to learn his seed to bless their God.  
This God promised to get cedar house,  
Tired of a place not fit for mouse ;  
David, like other men filled with mirth,  
Sought for all the blessings of this earth,  
And while he upon his own house top,  
He saw the witch of a figure pop,  
Which caused Uriah to lose his life,  
That David might sleep with his wife,  
That the holy work might go on,

And Solomon be the promised Son,  
So in time they might have a Messiah  
That God promised before Goliah.  
But Nathan seeing evils of creed,  
Cursed its origin, but blest the seed,  
Like other priests admired an eye—  
His wife might be wanted on a sly ;  
David had hard times to get Saul's crown,  
'Twas easy to knock Goliah down ;  
But Jonathan loved him, if Saul's son,  
And wouldn't slay him for kingdom to come  
Saul slew the priests for giving him bread,  
Four-score or more he caused to be dead,  
And Nob the city of priests he smote,  
To kill every thing of any note ;  
Like women, sucklings, calves, and  
Sheep, oxen, servant maids, or lasses.  
Yes, all smote by the edge of the sword,  
No more account than was Jonah's gourd,  
All the priests would want a better king,  
If in humanity was such thing,  
All of accord for David splatter,  
Before Saul, damn'd fool, knew the matter ;  
Samuel, his old priestly friend, was dead,  
Who see he's tall from shoulders to head :  
The only priest that could him anoint  
Or cause God him as king to appoint,  
And Saul so lonely drove to the wall  
Went to his grave to give him a call,  
But David, while struggling for the crown,

Had two wives of other men brought down,  
For they were handsome, had foolish men,  
Took them to wife, as rooster a hen,  
Was nothing new Uriah to slay,  
Had done it before many a day.  
Now go back, read David's history o'er,  
See what a man he had been before,  
He knew if he would rule the nation,  
The priests must be nigh in relation,  
Achemilech wanted to slay Saul,  
David, righteous, would not on him fall,  
Because anointed by the same priest,  
He taught, priest respect for one at least,  
He who slew the lion and the bear  
Before Goliah did Israel dare,  
Did he have power to sling a stone  
When Saul was now trembling in his throne?  
Did David as a boy play the harp,  
Before Saul to keep quiet his part.  
Had Samuel before this done his work,  
Given the youth a lesson, or quirk?  
No! God must have done it, thrown the stone,  
Sitting demurely upon his throne;  
For he was always on Moses' box,  
Looking demurely, cunning as fox,  
When Abner was accused, by Saul's son,  
About a young girl, Saul was undone.  
For Abner, then general of host,  
Now soon turned to David the most  
And did unto David surely swear

That where he was, he would find him there.  
Now after all fussing with the priests,  
They had to do their own fight at least ;  
For the two houses, David and Saul,  
They fight so long and hard for the ball.  
David was king over forty years,  
And thirty old, before, without fears,  
The very least charge he gave his son,  
When he see he couldn't live, was undone,  
Was to kill man he had sworn to save,  
But he must bring him with blood to grave.  
And Solomon, for a simple thing,  
Slew an older brother when first king ;  
All he wanted, Abishag to wife,  
For which king Solomon took his life ;  
Priests would keep people from other Gods,  
For one tenth earned now wouldn't pay a hod,  
Then it was a promise be broken,  
Now with twice the money, same token,  
They then quarreled who should be first,  
And now all would fight, till boiler burst.  
The Catholics have for self a Pope,  
The Protestants an eternal hope ;  
All know that they all are surely right  
And for such nonsense would surely fight,  
In Hindostan they are all the same,  
Or China, Turkey, differ in name.  
They all know certain they are all right,  
And will teach or preach with all their might,  
It is a nice sly way for to rule,

And make almost any king a fool ;  
They in this country divided up,  
For to rule entire must have one cup,  
The Methodist drink all out one bowl,  
They are sure salvation, every soul ;  
If they should not happen for to slip,  
As a cup may from any one's lip,  
Presbyterians four times a year,  
They drink wine, is it not very queer ?  
And take a little mouthful of bread  
Because their God was sick, is once dead,  
They believe it altogether right ;  
When in battle, all must surely fight ;  
But if two should fight themselves alone  
God would then kick them behind his throne.  
Abishag, the Shunamitish dear,  
Could not warm David ; wasn't it queer ?  
So he had to leave her for his son's,  
And one was surely slain and undone,

---

All nations have some kind of a God,  
Either malignant or else morose ;  
Some know enough to carry a hod,  
The Christians all have a Holy Ghost,  
Hobgoblins and ghosts they all have seen,  
In every priestly country or land,  
Matters not what Religion, how mean,  
The priests all use for our good the wand.



They sometimes growl to have so much work,  
If funerals happen to be plenty ;  
They would like to keep all in a kirk,  
Not stand all night and day as sentry,  
But money they must all surely have,  
To keep every wheel a moving tight,  
For that is the only way to save,  
To collect money with all their might,  
For the gods all live in houses now,  
They will not any live devilish mean,  
They wear a laurel upon their brow,  
But in bushes are not ever seen.

Some gods expenses are more than others,  
For servants they must keep employed,  
They cluster around springs like brothers,  
Or where any thing can be enjoyed,  
Who would'nt go to Saratoga now,  
Or Europe upon a pleasant tour,  
If they had money enough any how,  
And of a good fat living was sure ?  
Mankind love their gods ever so mean,  
They love to pay to hear about them,  
Priests like to tell what they felt or seen,  
Love to heal the sick by touching hem,  
What shall angels say to world of man ?  
If you call a thing by the right name,  
Who will try and bear it if they can,  
Who will try for to think O for shame,  
If Christ was a God to save this world,  
Why should he leave it all to the priests,

That jangle the banner to unfurl,  
Should put down inquisition at least,  
But with what nonsense world is filled,  
Angels know not how or where begin,  
Much trouble to have one well drilled,  
How much pain he suffers not for sin,  
To become sensitive understand  
And learn of us what the world demand  
Fourteen others have in all tried,  
And under our treatment have died,  
Of larger, more active brain be sure,  
But could not all the tortures endure,  
We all pity our poor little frog,  
We know he does but little know yet,  
But still through him we the world will sweat.  
First, a narrative to be given,  
Some of the ways here and in Heaven.  
Next, analysis, Holy Writ in Rhyme,  
Next, a philosophy in good time,  
These promises we think to fulfill,  
Some of us worked steady as mill,  
To get our little subject all right,  
Some of us has had almost to fight,  
We kept his old carcass in motion,  
Sometimes quite against his own notion,  
He likes much the pleasure we can give,  
But the pain he hates, he would not live,  
But pleasure not enjoyed alone,  
Unless it be behind God's old throne  
All feelings of enjoyment or bliss,

Must reach some that way, others this.  
This is the nature of flesh and blood,  
Where happiness comes, misery will flood,  
But with him troubles will soon be o'er,  
Happiness secured by us before,  
For in this holy angelic state  
All find a congenial, loving mate.  
This a blessing the world not conceived,  
How the minds should all be relieved,  
This a state that shall always endure,  
Happiness increase, always grow pure.  
Angels this have wanted for to tell,  
Root out a feeling for devil's hell,  
Learn every man to love all they can,  
But for to worship no other man,  
Never feel for an object to fight,  
Associate with such you can delight.  
If man repulsive covers it up,  
Will eat, drink, devil, all in one cup.  
Angels select such as they love best,  
Because not repulsive, but more blest,  
Are willing that any have the rest,  
But such company millions alike,  
But few are lonely, none that have mates.  
What some may seek, others can not like,  
If together they lived some might strike.  
Some are unwise, will seek their own sort,  
They jangle all together and wear smooth,  
Thereby they learn justice to approve,  
Like shaking the ruff all in a bag,

They throw all together every old hag.  
And their mates, too, with them all the same,  
So there they all learn to fight their game,  
But how long do you think they'll bite rasp,  
Yes not as in form till the last gasp,  
They soon learn that's an eye for an eye,  
That love beget love if they will try.  
Could you love young girl ever so bright,  
If she tore your flesh most every night?  
Who can be happy looking for pain?  
What difference can it make what God reigns?  
Call him devil, or any thing please,  
Would it to your pain give any ease.  
Suppose your God dead and under ground,  
Would you like hyena more be found?  
Do men murder whenever they like?  
And what do their gods with all their might?  
Stir up the people all in a fight;  
And will they have war in Heaven come,  
Gabriel sound trumpet, David drum?  
The devil let out purpose to fight,  
Torment God's loved angels in spite.  
What a hell of a time they will have!  
One half the old women can not live.  
Now reason leave old nonsense a foot,  
Angels will tear old hell up by root.  
Do you love bacon fried on moon?  
Can any tell without tasting soon?  
How do you know you'll love Moses' God?  
Did you smell him or feel him like hod?

How he conjured in all the churches,  
Leaving the saints all in the lurches,  
Sometimes coming like a thunder-gust  
Setting old saints scrabbling who be first,  
And this the most when the church in debt,  
The saints all got tired learning to sweat.

---

Twenty-second chapter Samuel find,  
Where David's most elevated mind,  
And there read his true picture given,  
His idea of his God of Heaven,  
So wroth as to make the Heavens shake,  
So anxious for servant David's sake,  
That fire and smoke issued from his nose,  
His mouth devoured live coals of fire,  
Or David is a devilish liar  
Here David tells God how good he's been,  
Innocent Abigail, without sin !  
God swears that David is always right,  
And for such a king will always fight,  
For David saved the Gibeonites,  
Which Saul did try to slay all his might.  
God was sworn with Moses to drive out,  
But was too weak to bring it about,  
These a remnant of Amorites saved,  
Made David righteous as his grave,  
David, so pious now in his turn,  
He starts a new salvation concern.

But if a king has such mighty men,  
That one man can slay three hundred then  
Only with a spear, why should he fear  
If God done the fighting all alone,  
He could kill twenty from his throne.  
But David done all of his God's work,  
He with all the priests Aaron and Berk,  
For God could not get a cedar house,  
Although Nathan, priest, got in a touse.  
Solomon, the chap to shell out corn,  
He with King Hiram took the first horn,  
The temple was so big, what you think,  
Seven years in building, that's the kink !  
Eighty thousand hewers cedar wood,  
Seventy thousand to carry it good,  
To build such a tremendous house,  
Think of such building would kill a mouse,  
Thirty-four feet front, nearly as much,  
Hundred ten feet deep, was ever such !  
All built in seven years, just few men,  
Hundred fifty-three thousand one pen,  
All in Mount Lebanon after frame,  
Thousand to a stick, about the same,  
How they could hew seven years so thick ?  
A thousand straddle one little stick,  
This story would do for Holy Ghost,  
Because he loved David the most.  
Two tribes were saved for Solomon's child,  
Saint David's sake God waited awhile,  
But Solomon was such cursed king,

For high places and every such thing,  
From his successors all would be torn,  
Leaving only two tribes David's throne,  
Solomon the best to build the house,  
Which Nathan found out while in a touse.  
Nathan charged David stealing lamb,  
David repented just as a clam ;  
He kept the young ewe because he could,  
He loved her so well he knew he would.  
Believe all they say, they tell for self.  
Solomon wise without any elf,  
For what but wisdom would make a bull ;  
Wine and women his whole soul was full,  
All the rest to his princes was left,  
His father established by theft,  
David laid the foundation down,  
With generals 'twas easy for clown ;  
He tells Hiram he'd nothing to do,  
Asks Hiram for men for them to hew,  
Hiram was glad to sell cedar logs,  
Get Solomon's corn for self and hogs,  
Solomon for self built house bigger,  
Cost double or about that figure,  
Took thirteen years to hew out the logs,  
With millions of men besides his hogs,  
Read of fine flour and meal, miller,  
See how many farmers it takes corn tiller.  
Messiah was to be David's son.  
Was Solomon this righteous one ?  
Christ was not ; Luke, Matthew tell

If Joseph's son, we'd all be in hell?  
He was begot, some think, by a Ghost;  
Now what do you think, who knows the most?  
Last chapter revelation of John,  
Jesus then sent his angel to come,  
To tell who he was make matter plain—  
He the root offspring, David by name.  
He came as the bright and morning star,  
Sent his Angel, on purpose so far,  
He would not own he's son of a Ghost,  
Thought David knowed so much the most;  
What a God he is, find out about:  
Moses saw him in bush, without doubt,  
Then he turned into pillar of fire,  
Went before Israel, or liar.  
Set on box forty years in the woods,  
Trying to learn his people fight good;  
Moses, Aaron strained on their part,  
To draw God to war on an old cart,  
When he got through fighting turned dove,  
He came upon Christ, with perfect love;  
Then turned into split tongues, a few  
For all the Apostles to review,  
And then he came as a Holy Ghost  
Has all been used up near amost.

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Although Moses, while in private life,  
Had forfeited his life settle strife,  
And his whole soul was filled with blood,



Wanted men drill like Aaron and Jud ;  
He would slay women, children taken,  
If he thought to save any bacon,  
Like cowardly villains in power,  
Afraid of enemy if live an hour.  
So he with brother Aaron could talk  
With his God, the people for to mock,  
They could make him say just what they like,  
To slay the people, Juda, or Mike ;  
So was Joshua, the son of Nun,  
Another righteous holy one,  
Moses taught him the way it was right,  
And told him how always for to fight,  
Never to leave single soul to breathe,  
There would be none to tell how deceived ;  
Lived in woods by theft and plunder,  
Could write on bark, to make man wonder.  
Yes, Moses came down from Holy Mount,  
With Joshua, on whom he could count.  
They talked o'er about Aaron's calf,  
They saw it before they got down half,  
But not mad enough tables to break,  
Until they could do it people's sake ;  
Then in a great passion they would be,  
Get all the people from idols free,  
For they ground all the gold all to dust,  
Order to steal it, they knew they must,  
Kept up the rage, made hell of a time,  
Divided the camp, the priests came o'er,  
Moses knew the Levites would before.

He told every man gird on his sword,  
Each kill a brother, if could afford.  
So then three thousand men were all slain,  
For to keep up Moses' cursed name,  
This is true as any holy writ,  
Find it in Exodus every bit ;  
God did determine to have an ark,  
He wanted gold to cover it, hark !  
And he told the people every one  
He wanted gold, silver, without fun,  
Every one must give, with willing hearts,  
That was twenty years old on their parts ;  
He was always fond of yellow dirt,  
For that would help buy Aaron a shirt,  
If I should go back over the ground,  
Speak of the folly that I have found,  
Should tire the patience of them would learn,  
To hunt up the nonsense whole concern,  
So for Absalom, one David sons,  
Twenty thousand were slain, just for fun.  
David sorry Absalom was dead,  
That his heart within him was like lead,  
Joab went in see what he's about,  
For fear of Israel brought him out,  
Or the people all of one accord  
Would have gone to seek another Lord.  
David played the 'possum right well,  
He did before Saul, the king, a spell,  
Whenever he found himself in a trap,  
Could affect people quick any chap,

He knew the right sympathetic chord,  
For him to touch that would please his Lord,  
How Moses, Aaron, get so much gold  
No one in world has ever been told,  
To make for God's throne upon the ark  
Two cherubs, a mercy seat is part,  
All pure gold, mercy seat solid stuff,  
Two cubits half long was gold enough,  
But the wood was all overlaid,  
Not to smell so bad as would be said.  
This was before they used a cart,  
God used to go, come very smart;  
He set to talk between Cherubims,  
Moses, Aaron could only see him.  
Exodus twenty-third chapter find,  
See how good God was to show behind.  
Moses got in a cleft of a rock,  
For to see God's glory by him flock;  
God placed his hand over the hole—  
Moses covered as under a bowl.  
This was to prevent showing his face,  
Or kill an ass of the human race.  
Moses, satisfied on his part,  
Had only to get Israel's heart.  
Whatever he could not bring over right,  
He, the Lord, would slay some day or night.  
Now this was the craft that Moses had,  
What he learned in Egypt was so bad.  
He married a wench—help matters on—  
He says nothing about negro son.

But take the whole race, from Abram down,  
Where can you match them in any town?  
Dinah, daughter of Jacob, was loved  
By Shechem, the son of Hamor proved.  
Jacob and sons agreed to the match,  
If they circumcise, character patch.  
Three days after, when all very sorry,  
Jacob's slew every man at his door,  
This in Genesis find—thirty-four.  
They were so ugly to all around;  
Quarreled among selves like hellhounds,  
They slew sixty-three thousand, as said;  
The Benjaminites a harlot fed.  
All this was done for good—simon pure—  
To avenge one harlot, this is sure.  
Judges, twentieth chapter, tells that,  
To read such stuff you never grow fat.  
Now turn to Samuel, ninth and tenth, do;  
See how kings are made, if all is true.  
First consult upon house-top, and see  
If priest can make the subject agree;  
Then come down to eat, or have a feast;  
Use a horn of oil, make king, at least.  
Samuel wrote how to make kings in book,  
So should not forget, by hook nor crook;  
For when Samuel found Saul would not mind,  
He made another king of same kind.  
David was a long time getting throne,  
Although Goliah dead was well known.  
The Lord wanted to slay Saul by degrees,

As any man stung to death by bees.  
When David got rid of such, he see,  
As Absalom, and Saul, and Shebe,  
He then had rest, for a little time,  
To think over his deeds—drink his wine.  
Gave seven, Saul's family, to be slain,  
To the Gibeonites—save his name ;  
Shut up ten of his wives to be fed ;  
The same so many hogs never wed.  
This on return to house with power,  
After selecting new wives for hour.  
What a holy scamp he must have been ;  
God's most chosen vessel, without sin !  
The Messiah was from him to come,  
Surely as much as any Tom Thumb.  
I wish Barnum had been in the scrape ;  
He showed him around as an ape.

---

Shall man always be a fool,  
Just like some old printed book,  
If in Canton made a tool,  
He would not on Turkey look.  
As the type the paper meet,  
Impressions were always made ;  
Not one thought to reason set,  
Reason is just so afraid.  
Born Mohammedan that be,  
China, their philosophy.  
As impressions chance to print,

Schools or books the mind impress ;  
Priests, with their religious hint,  
Finish up the fashion dress.  
World I find too lazy yet,  
Ever try to reason, think  
If they do not get a sweat,  
Their thoughts will be black like ink.  
Who believe twice four make eight,  
Against what they have been taught ?  
Dare they think as much of late ?  
Can any thing new be taught ?  
How long does take simple truth,  
Against tide in triumph set ?  
If not begin, learn in youth,  
No success can not be met.  
Will all swear of one accord,  
The sun goes around the earth  
They learned this of priest, the Lord,  
Ever since they had their birth.  
Religion, the only thing  
That can never be improved.  
That from the Lord they did bring,  
And this was so perfect, smooth.  
O, pray and sweat, ganders all !  
For God to make it rain ;  
Or for short man to grow tall,  
Or a boil not you to pain.  
Sit down, jam your fingers hard  
With a hammer and a stone ;  
Pray, as you hit, every word,

God will stop it from his throne.  
And get angry as a bull  
Because you learned something new ;  
Found another man a fool—  
Was sorry to find it true.  
Then pray God to stop the sun  
For an army for to fight,  
That you may kill every one,  
That he, your God, to delight.  
Pray God to burn a city,  
That, too, with brimstone and fire,  
All children without pity,  
Because old ones are liar.  
Pray do kill the old crop,  
Make another righteous pair,  
Drown them all, the world to stop ;  
Let us have the world look fair.  
Pray kill the lions and wolf,  
Throw guns out the window,  
Who wants them so near horse hoof?  
Make no fire without tinder.  
Go build a church in the wood  
To pray all the bears away ;  
Every woman feel so good  
In church all night for to stay.  
Killed prophets of the Lord,  
When praying with all their might ;  
David slew one without sword,  
But he had to kick and fight.  
All, like Sampson, wanted strength

To carry out any prayers ;  
Sometimes they fought at great length,  
To make all good God's affairs.  
Priests in closets should remain,  
And pray every day and night,  
They never would get such gain  
Saratoga to delight.  
Then why should we have a drought,  
So the people for to starve ;  
Ten righteous open mouth  
Men the Lord then for to serve.  
The evidence we have of truth  
Is then what we have seen done ;  
A child may be learned in youth  
To pray to any evil one.  
Learn error as soon as truth,  
If others believe the same—  
So easy printed in youth,  
They adopt most any name.  
If learned to mourn for the dead,  
Who step into glorious life,  
To such clothes an idol wed,  
Clothes are all that mourn for wife.  
Some country's fashion wear red,  
Others to wear green or white ;  
Do it for fear what is said,  
Or some little fool delight.  
The angels see their simple thoughts,  
And at every funeral pile  
They weep to see folly bought,



They only wait little while.  
Sometimes they wait in a church  
To hear the sermon said o'er—  
They see the nonsense, real and lurch,  
That the minds are filled more.  
Angels like to have it known  
That they are all better off;  
There was no such thing as throne,  
Nor brimstone to make you cough.  
That they all soon learn to love,  
And so mingle with the crowd,  
Intelligence means above,  
But not croaking at so loud.  
No one so idiotic,  
As such priests, just left the shell;  
They had become despotic  
About their large, nasty hell.  
For they never thought the truth,  
They were all so full of dreams—  
They learned to pray in their youth,  
To hobgoblins never seen.  
So nature, the Word of God,  
Little known or understood,  
Is better than Moses' rod,  
Or killing mankind for good.  
Natural for all want to see  
Such as will make happiest,  
What it might happen to be  
If angel was maiden blest.  
For in love they must agree,

Can not quarrel with the rest ;  
One has got their own, you see,  
They are sure of being blest.  
Such mingling, not known below,  
Intelligence has not blest,  
Angels would like for to sow  
The seed among all the rest.  
But every man, for to know,  
Must learn the laws of such life,  
Or else you reap what you sow  
Between a man and his wife.  
Pray for thy kingdom to come,  
If the Lord should now want it,  
For to kill his only son,  
Because the serpent Eve bit,  
Pray God to crucify himself  
To save a few little worms,  
Before the world was full of pelf,  
Or Adam's done any harms.  
Slain before the foundation,  
By some wicked, ugly soul ;  
Before man's earthly relation,  
Or a squirrel dug a hole.  
If his promise was as good  
As driving Canaanites out,  
The world is saved, it would,  
Man had only found it out.  
But priests they never had  
So numerous as wanted,  
Or man would not have been bad,

Because of God's anointed.  
The anointed kings and priests  
Were so full of plunder,  
Angels hope they'll stop, at least,  
For man to think and wonder.  
It matters not what it costs  
For the world be plundered,  
If all are saved none are lost,  
After they've been conjured.  
But what is salvation keen,  
Try remember all the priests ;  
Pay them well, do not be mean,  
Go to church, once week at least.  
Morals have nothing to do,  
As we have been often told,  
By all the salvation crew,  
On this they are very bold.  
Yes, then, where sin abounded,  
So grace did so much the more,  
By sin to be surrounded,  
To lay by in Christ good store.  
Although it is dangerous  
To accumulate so much,  
For God will most surely curse  
Any who may die when such.  
He who runs the risk, for gain,  
Of going so near to hell,  
Should always be kept from pain,  
Or in some new heaven dwell.  
If man by practice lies,

Its hard for him to leave off ;  
Let any man tell, who trys,  
He will stumble or will cough.  
If natural for to cheat,  
He will do the best he can ;  
If he trades with all he meet,  
He then will shave every man.  
If honesty has place  
In any part of man,  
He will the music face,  
And do right if he can.  
Matters not what he believes  
Concerning sun, stars, or moon ;  
Fond of justice to receive,  
And it never comes too soon.  
If a man is devilish mean,  
He will try to rob the rest,  
No matter what church he's seen,  
He is devilish meanly blest.  
If I should read prophets o'er  
Single, one by one, as can,  
What could you learn any more—  
Priests be any better man ?  
Isaiah, Jeremiah,  
Ezekiel, Daniel, Amos ;  
The same Lord they all admire,  
Or the same way to tame us.  
When Messiah's foundation gone,  
Why fight flies around his throne ?  
If cunning craft can not rule,

Or a prophet of the Lord,  
Who, then, can? can any fool?  
Then you believe every word.  
So the one that talks to God  
Understands so much the most,  
He can hear all that is said,  
By somebody's Holy Ghost.  
Daniel some always admire,  
Others, God's good servant Job;  
So God did the devil tire,  
Making sore boils for a robe.  
His children, too, were all slain;  
Cattle, sheep, asses, all had;  
God done this to keep up name,  
Fear the devil would be mad.  
When the sons of God did meet,  
See Job, first and second chap.,  
Devil among them took seat  
To blackguard God, give a slap.  
They, like any old friends, talk,  
Ask the devil where he's been;  
Did not know, or else did mock  
The old Hellite of much sin.  
But he told him, to and fro,  
The Lord wished understand;  
He told all about it, though—  
He might give him other man.  
But Job's pains were no account,  
When compared with good will,  
Devil tempted him on Mount—

Want his good opinion still.  
But why relate such things o'er,  
They are, then, all of a piece ;  
If repeat a thousand more,  
Say, then, who can on it feast ?  
Did Daniel, then, do a thing  
Cunning as any of the rest,  
With Belshazzar—foolish king—  
Did he succeed ? was he blest ?  
Daniel, fifth chapter, do see ;  
But Belshazzar's wife told him  
What Daniel used for to be ;  
She acquainted, kept him trim.  
She knew what Daniel wanted,  
Was the master magician ;  
Had before the house haunted—  
Knew the house, yes, every sin.  
Belshazzar was slain same night—  
A prophet to be much fight—  
This case, a priest so divine,  
Scared a fool filled with wine.  
Time, the dividing of times,  
A beast with great iron teeth,  
And so he had horns, at least.  
With such jargon scared a fool,  
But those of same tricks in trade  
Were not of Daniel afraid ;  
They cast him in lions' den—  
Lions starve—afraid of him.  
Daniel saw ram with two horns,

One was higher than other ;  
Saw a goat, like unicorn,  
He came to fight the t'other.  
He explained the king's dreams,  
Besides awful beasts he had seen ;  
He was acquainted with queens,  
Other magicians so mean.  
Darius likes him so well,  
Others, by craft, would him sell ;  
But, outwitted, mad as hell,  
Was glad to find Daniel well.  
A man called to Gabriel,  
To have him make Daniel see ;  
He wanted him to enable  
Understand, king a goat be.  
But who shall have patience left  
To read of such craft or theft ?  
If Israel was in bondage cleft,  
Was nonsense of the same heft ?

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Now I am bound speak of self,  
The pain I have endured,  
Not for the world, nor its pelf,  
I from it be insured.  
They snapped me as a whip,  
To make me see something clear ,  
If I got well they would trip  
And bring me down with such fear.  
Yes, I wanted for to die,

If they would only let be ;  
I sometimes tried to cry,  
Until I could hardly see.  
I prayed, too, for relief,  
Without meaning any fun ;  
I rolled and swore on floor,  
Like another evil one.  
But all the satisfaction  
I could ever of them get,  
Was, You do not understand,  
But we soon shall make you yet.  
And you will be in demand,  
Sometimes made me so happy,  
I could not then hardly stir,  
Some would think this was sappy.  
They can not see without blur.  
But my mate was always by,  
So in love to me relieve,  
I could have her on the sly ;  
Her love to me I could receive.  
This was a consolation,  
While I, in the greatest pain,  
Suffered enough for nation,  
But still they would not refrain.  
Now angels have a soul full  
They want to tell any man ;  
And they have had a long pull,  
But will do it yet, if can.  
My doctor's so full of fun,  
They played tricks upon me,



So I could talk with each one,  
But could neither of them see.  
They got me ready to die  
More than twenty times over ;  
They could take me out when try,  
And I would be in clover.  
They would get me in a chair,  
All up in some snug corner ;  
They would take me out all fair ;  
They would, upon their honor.  
They excite my mind so much,  
By telling some foolish yarns,  
When I accused them of such,  
Said to me it was no harm.  
They torment my mind so,  
For to rock my carcass out,  
They got hold of my brain, though,  
Before knew what they're about.  
They say I am a fool, though,  
And do nothing yet discern,  
That it is hard to instruct  
Through such rickety concern.  
Our friend says he was the best,  
If not, why did we take him ?  
Because stand more pain than rest,  
And, if proud, we forsake him.  
The philosophy of love  
He does not understand yet ;  
How all mates mingle above,  
They are such a happy fit.

Ashamed to do best can ;  
Ashamed to love a mate ;  
What a foolish sort of man,  
So had rather feel to hate.  
Nay, this part he likes so well,  
Not particular the rest,  
For his mate he would not sell,  
To him she is surely blest.  
But why repeat this over,  
Who will understand so well ?  
They never live in clover—  
They live more like any hell.  
If man knew law of motion,  
Material attraction  
Would get another notion,  
Of greater satisfaction.  
The living are so govern,  
They know not the reason why ;  
They have not learned the sovern,  
We want them all for to try.  
But what shall do with rubbish  
In every man's noddle head,  
If every man is so grubbish,  
Or so to his idols wed.  
They know every thing was made,  
They see the design of God ;  
But he was not, 'tis said,  
No more than Moses' rod ;  
He always had such a mind  
He could never altered be ;

Law of motion was same kind—  
A transcript of will you'll see.  
Twelve inches always made foot,  
As well as twice four made eight ;  
But to calculate by root,  
Then some men would want a slate.  
Did matter, motion exist  
Co-equal with such a God ?  
Could he destroy, with his fist,  
All space without a rod ?  
Did his will keep up motion,  
Without any thing to move ?  
What is the world's old notion  
About matter being smooth ?  
Did he change his notion  
To conclude to make such man ;  
Did he then set in motion  
All the matter that he can ?  
Was he always alone, then,  
Before one planet was made ;  
No one to touch garment-hem,  
No earth to die on, as said ?  
Did not conclude to alter,  
And always had a first plan ;  
Had better hung with halter  
Than to have ever made man ?  
Was it not so revealed,  
No one yet would have known him ;  
This to the world I appeal,  
If any would dethrone him ?

He never tells twice alike  
About his own mind's notions,  
Sometimes ready fight or strike,  
Sometimes great love in motion.  
He always likes the yellow dirt  
To keep the ark a moving,  
Sometimes with the girls will flirt.  
If the world all wants saving,  
I would like for him to talk  
About Moses and Aaron,  
Why he should them so mock  
About killing their carrion ?  
That when he stopped the sun  
To kill Amorites with hail,  
The moon must stood still for fun,  
Or whatever did it ail.  
Was Joshua, son of Nun,  
A better man than Moses,  
Or why should he stop the sun  
Right in the weeds and roses ?  
Why he wanted kill the boys,  
And not any little girls,  
Were just as much mothers joys,  
As ever so many pearls.  
God has in heaven a throne,  
Or a seat big armed chair ;  
He is a spirit, this well known,  
Without parts, is everywhere.  
In every church in the world  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

All one, in three parts—no girl,  
For she would know the most.  
Could turn water into wine,  
Raise the dead, cure the sickly,  
Send the devil into swine,  
But was slain very quickly.  
So he will come soon again,  
Will whip the devil to hell—  
Let him out spell, with a chain,  
With us mankind for to dwell,  
But in the end have a fight,  
To try David's, Moses skill,  
To please all hell with delight,  
To grind angels up in mill.  
Angels no power to hurt,  
When fighting with any God,  
Surely what a little squirt,  
Not fit to carry a hod.  
What rubbish has man now got  
Stowed away in his head,  
No better than greens in pot,  
Or five pounds of softest lead.  
Devil set God on pole,  
Or pinnacle of temple,  
Some to crawl out of hole,  
Say the ghost part begotten,  
Which you see was his own soul—  
His power was forgotten.  
Pretend the God part stept out,  
So devil handle about.

The devil wanted some bread,  
His wife was entirely out,  
So with five loaves, or seven,  
Which was enough for eleven,  
He made enough for five thousand.  
They all did eat their fill  
Upon the mountain or hill.  
The devil, blamed old scamp !  
With his disciple in camp—  
A liar from beginning,  
Chosen because of his sinning.  
But how quick God made him pop,  
When disciple took the sop !  
Now if the rooster had'nt crowed,  
Peter would not been knowed.  
Poor fellow threw sword away—  
Would not cut off ears, but pray.  
Why pray to God while dying ?  
As well pray to bell flying.  
He descended into hell  
To look around little spell—  
Preached to spirits three days,  
About devilish wicked ways.  
Forgot promise to the thief  
He offered on cross relief.  
In Paradise, to him say,  
You shall be with me this day.  
Moses and Elias see  
God's body raised to be.  
With nail prints in both his hands,

Thomas his side, on demand.  
These things we know to be true,  
Because came from God, like dew.  
Jesus, born in a stable,  
Of the good Virgin Mary,  
For the world to enable  
To see salvation carry.  
Circumcised eight days old,  
Just like any God of love.  
We had this just as told,  
By a Matthew's holy dove.  
Mary rode upon an ass,  
With the sweet child cosily ;  
This revolution, alas !  
Which looks too much Mosesly.  
He was found in bulrushes—  
A beauty to look upon ;  
Fondled by mother's hushes,  
Yet adopted as queen's son.  
But as adoptions take place  
Most any day in the week,  
Mary was adopted race,  
Joseph did not of her seek.  
She was a holy virgin,  
From the temple by priests blest ;  
She was young, just immerging,  
Joseph more devout than rest.  
Could hardly believe story  
Of the divine Holy Ghost,  
But had heard of same glory

In other temples the most.  
Minerva, Juno, and rest,  
Had superior knowledge, too,  
They were in their bodies blest—  
Brought up temple—nothing do.  
This world, small compared with some,  
But their gods are small, Tom Thumb ;  
Angels to this world attach,  
Ashamed of God, just hatched.  
Luke tells the story all right,  
God sent Gabriel to girl ;  
Some think it was in the night  
The important news unfurl.  
That she should by some conceive,  
Which pleased her much,  
The messenger to receive,  
For she felt to like just such.  
Now being holy virgin  
In the temple of the Lord,  
She did not mind the scourging  
To fulfill his holy word.  
Because cousin, six months gone,  
Zachariah, prayed long.  
Elizabeth preach pious song,  
So Mary finds nothing wrong.  
She consents to Holy Ghost,  
Very pious, some alarm.  
But fears for him the most,  
And thought there could be no harm.  
Priests, people bondage living,



Learned something new about Gods,  
Virgins now in temples staying,  
Priests rule with Moses' rods;  
Israel always having God;  
Moses, David, Solomon,  
The best of all the men nod.  
Like to Israel undone,  
But who is this holy one?  
Is he of foreign extract,  
Or was he of the homespun?  
What do angels say exact  
God should give them David's throne?  
The Jews expected such done,  
Forever have it be known,  
Free from bondage every one,  
But when Christ found could'nt be done,  
The Jews so filled with evil one,  
He then to play other game,  
Sanctify his holy name,  
Made sure the feeble and weak,  
Learnt them in him a God seek,  
Like Joseph Smith or other,  
Matthias, Folger, brother.  
This has been done thousand times,  
With more or less success, will,  
It depends how matters chimes,  
More upon the leader still,  
What kind of fools get it first,  
How bad they act, how much fuss,  
How long before boiler bursts,

Or how much get man to curse.  
The simple is easy led,  
Fisherman go on Sabbath.  
They are to their idols wed,  
Would call such an one Rabbeth,  
Those ignorant first begin noise,  
The wise can not for account,  
They oppose such foolish boys,  
With parents' increase amount,  
Priests and prophets of the Lord,  
Praise the king best living afford,  
Pray for president all in power,  
Cause king lose head in one hour,  
The women simple in love  
Follow any of the rest,  
Love to feel of holy dove,  
Or be in their bodies blest.  
What did God do thirty years  
Before he began to preach?  
At twelve, parents sought in tears,  
Found him temple doctors teach  
But this only three days life,  
In wisdom spent such to teach,  
The boy was now on a strife,  
Saying things no doctors reach.  
Then twenty years so was spent,  
Without going to a school.  
Some say he with father went  
To work with carpenter's tools.  
But why should God learn a trade,

United to another soul?  
Had he mind not be afraid  
When he owns from pole to pole?  
Was he 'afraid he should starve?  
The carcass part I now mean,  
Anxious other gods to serve,  
Or get new clothes nice and clean,  
Or did he teach world to live,  
Some other doctrine unknown?  
Or was he looking for devil's sieve,  
Or holy Saint David's throne,  
What was done with twenty years  
Of such godly, holy life?  
Did he seek a girl in tears,  
She would not become his wife,  
No one knew him all this time  
But his brotherly, motherly kin.  
Never read a work in rhyme  
Always looking out for sin,  
But finally what he taught,  
That no one else ever thought  
That the weak had all along  
Done good for evil with the strong;  
But brutes know as much as this,  
Will give an enemy to eat.  
Fear and tremble enemy kiss  
Rather than be kill'd complete.  
For fear hell man must do so,  
This wonderful teaching though,  
Might have learned that of dog,

If he had whipped him tight  
Would lick hand cold as a frog,  
If only dare think he might.  
Blessed are the merciful, how ?  
Because shall obtain it now.  
Did tenderness beget the same  
Between two lovers by name ?  
Simple fool knew this before,  
What have you learned, any more,  
Ye serpents, hypocrites, fool ?  
They did not like this, to cool.  
Now what wonders did he teach ?  
Thou shall pluck corn Sabbath day,  
This will we learn all to preach.  
Want it to eat on the way.  
Did he learn magician's art  
As well as Moses' cart ?  
Where was he for twenty years ?  
Mother tell him have no fears.  
She knew he have David's throne,  
This was to her surely known.  
He get idea in his head,  
Was born with it surely wed.  
Did magic ever raise the dead ?  
Often in India, said,  
Do it before thousands day,  
Learn the people all to pray,  
What is miracle, do say ?  
Something that God knows the way.  
God think it miracle too,

If he does then that will do.  
Do Mormons do miracles, say?  
Do some of them believe it?  
Will their children live that way?  
Spend their money every bit.  
Will they fight and defend it?  
And is it true, what say you?  
How many them swear they see  
An angel bright, seen by few?  
They know it right it must be,  
Here, close by, right under nose,  
Men, you know, belong to those.  
They practice some things now,  
That Christians did any how,  
So far as having wives do,  
So each one can have a few,  
The Essenes thought it right,  
Saint David done must be right.  
They imitate saints of old,  
That is their name very bold.  
Are they not increasing fast?  
So then how long will it last?  
Did Mohammed succeed the best  
Because person better blessed?  
Did they preach his doctrine o'er  
Thousands fall upon the floor,  
Convert them by holy word  
Right from their God, now just heard.  
May preach any thing you like,  
If you are opposed, so they strike.

Sympathy you will gain,  
And if you have any brain  
Will make some believe the same.  
That shows us a pack of fools,  
Used by any love as tools,  
Shall we then study see what's true?  
Learn our interest pursue,  
Forget hobgoblins and ghosts,  
Learn that which we love the most,  
That which will free us from pain,  
Or law of love all the same.  
Place ourselves not in a sty,  
So surely get a black eye,  
But choose that we can love best,  
No vice ever can be blessed.  
What is vicious, what is wrong,  
Will be burden other song.  
Saint Paul more fully blessed  
Because sinned worse than rest.  
Is chief apostle he says.  
When drove to a corner thus,  
Saw Stephen stoned death has,  
For which like to make a muss,  
Sympathy gain one advocate.  
As before explained Paul,  
He was chief, you see it state,  
In fact, Gentiles all in all,  
So he was struck with some force  
By Stephen's sight, Holy Ghost.  
Stephen saw Heaven open,

Paul heard a voice as token,  
So with him as all the rest,  
He saw first then after blessed,  
The magnet is often moved,  
Heart sympathizes with love,  
Or else nothing would go smooth,  
On earth, in heaven above ;  
But who knows the law of love,  
And by which the world can move.  
Such knowledge will be revealed,  
To mankind will be appealed.  
So of love to angels known  
Will be revealed very soon,  
The philosophy given,  
And the right mode of living,  
So simple and plain to be,  
Any who has brains can see.  
But what shall I say of luck ?  
Angels has had such good pluck.  
We think we have a hole through  
That man can trust to be true.  
That all the pains, aches are o'er.  
We think now we have the floor,  
But now as we have the brain,  
Let go before make insane.  
Why should we set traps for bears,  
When they all have left the state ?  
Why run after Christ's affairs  
Unless we are addle pate.  
Why pay money to a fool

To tell what he does not know ?  
Why send children Sunday school ?  
They might as well jump Jim Crow.  
Why shall a man teach so much  
He does not begin to know ?  
Learn them the way, love such  
As will always furnish though.  
What does fear do ? every soul  
Dig in the earth like a mole.  
Work with excitement to-day,  
Go to church at night to pray.  
But the priests live easy though,  
Them that know little the most  
Use the best the Holy Ghost.  
In winding up this affair  
I should like to have a care  
To have reader understand  
That when you talk to a man  
You must get into his house,  
If not large enough for mouse.  
If he calls nature, God, you the same,  
Or else he quarrel about name,  
If you use such terms as he,  
Says you have no business see,  
For if not believe in God,  
Have no right to use such word.  
How came you with such fools talk,  
For you must get in his pen,  
Analyze his creed or mock  
Any think I said not enough,



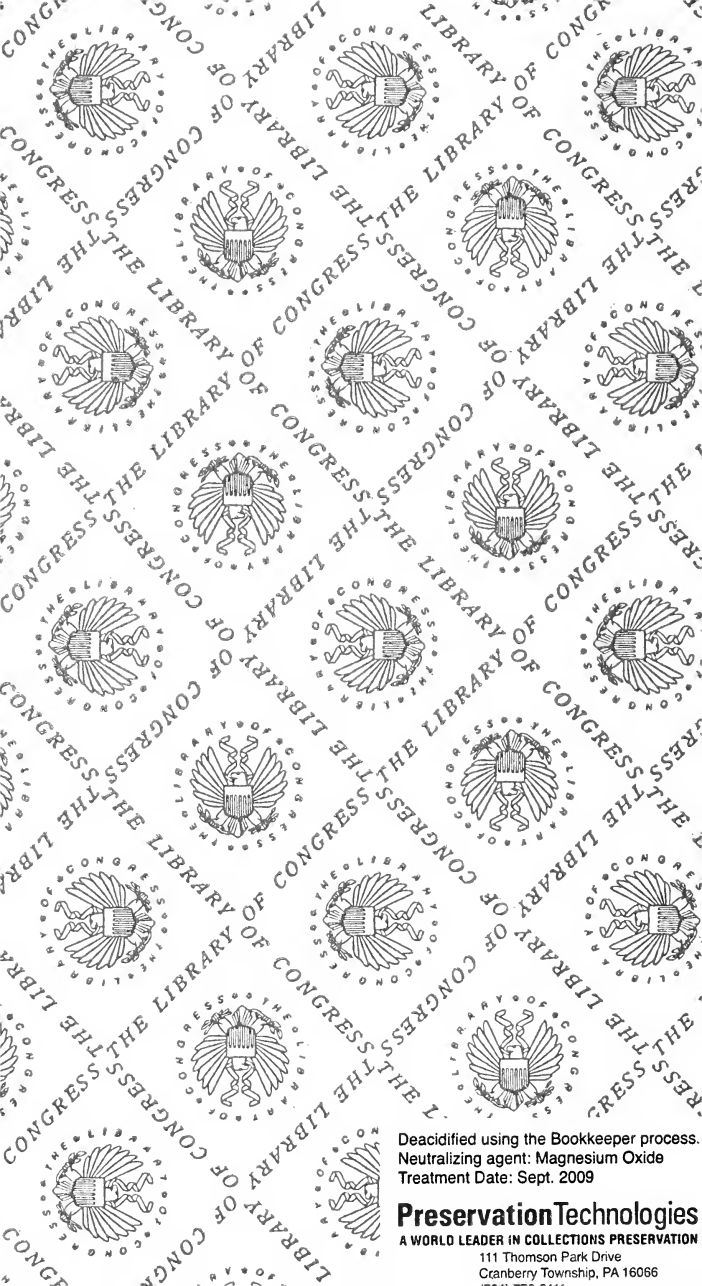
Christ, the corner-stone, such stuff,  
Should know when foundation gone  
Must be the end of the song.  
If Christ was not on David's throne,  
To prophets surely unknown.  
All did know he's not Joseph's son,  
If he was, the world undone.  
David's lineage he must be,  
Or the prophets disagree.  
Matthew, Luke both try to prove  
That Joseph was David's son.  
That they make go quite smooth,  
Christ they say was not such one,  
Now when Christ was learning the art,  
Magic such as others impart.  
Cousin John, the Baptist, for food  
Was eating locusts in the wood.  
Their mothers had trained them both,  
And they both agreed took an oath  
For to be to each other true.  
John be forerunner to come to.  
He was not come eating to drink,  
They say he had devil to think.  
He had a leather girdle on  
That he might keep apron upon.  
But Christ was long learning to fast  
With John in this large wilderness,  
Tried to make old breeches last,  
Followed John close behind this,  
If Christ got to be such a king,

John was to be priest t'other thing,  
They had it all cut, dried too,  
If they had only made it do,  
Christ to be baptized of John,  
John was to have the dove to come,  
Cousin John, forerunner, did say.  
I need be baptized of thee, pray,  
This made it take fisherman's luck.  
Many joined Christ for his pluck,  
Does not say if dove flew in air,  
Remain sitting upon Christ's hair,  
But all agree it was a dove,  
John see it first too from above  
Just as tame as any one's cat.  
John Baptist learned it all of that,  
These things angels known to be true,  
Ought for to be plain at first view,  
But man is too much in folly given  
To see the true light of Heaven.

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Jan. 5, 1855

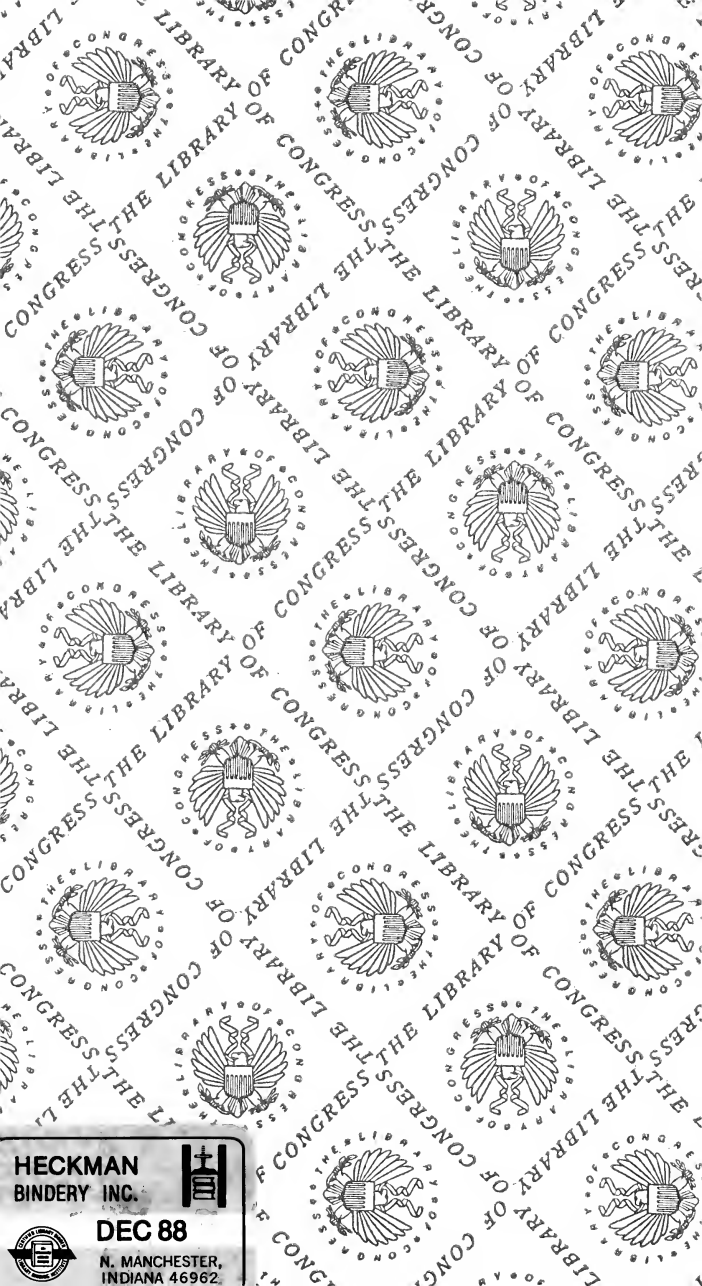




Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
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